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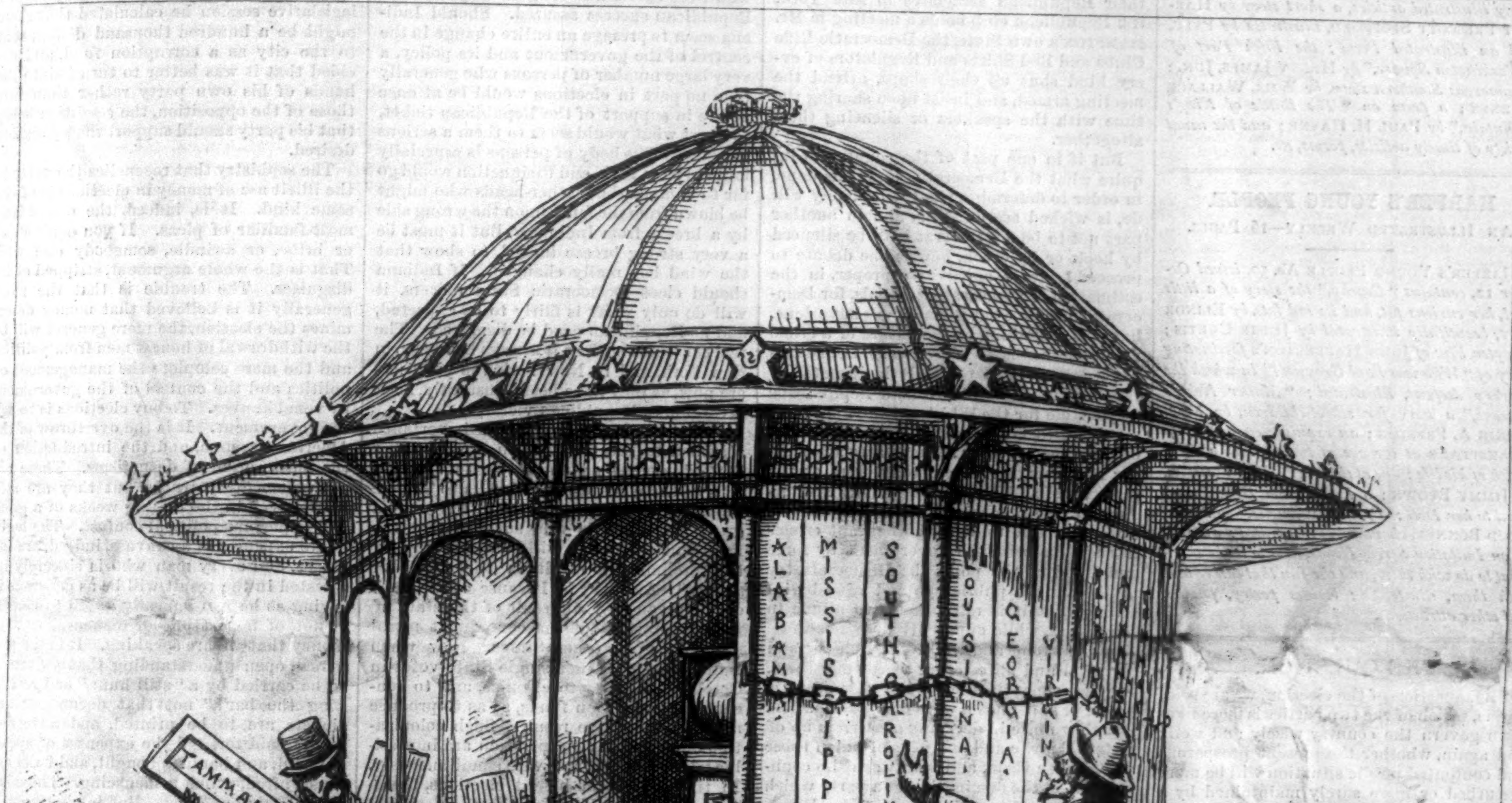


"FREEDOM OF SUFFRAGE TO THE BLACKS MEANS FREEDOM OF SUFFRAGE TO THE WHITES."—EVARTS.

SOLID SOUTH. "Hurry up, dough-face, and shut up your side. Mine is *solid*."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 23, 1880.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Harper's Magazine *for November, the closing number of Volume LXI., will be the most beautiful number ever issued of this popular periodical. It will contain a New Poem by* Alfred Tennyson; *an important paper on "Scientific Common-school Education," by* Charles Francis Adams, Jun.; William H. Gibson's *beautifully illustrated article entitled "An Autumn Pastoral"; a charming descriptive article, "In Western Massachusetts," by* John W. Chadwick, *with illustrations by* P. Murphy, *including also an ideal portrait of* Jonathan Edwards's *betrothed, engraved by* Cole *from an exquisite drawing by* Mary Hallock Foote; *also five other finely illustrated articles, a short story by* Harriet Prescott Spofford, *illustrated by* Pyle, *and an illustrated Poem; the Fifth Part of "Washington Square," by* Henry James, Jun.; *a humorous Southern story, by* Will Wallace Harney; *a poem on "The Battle of King's Mountain," by* Paul H. Hayne; *and the usual variety of timely articles, poems, etc.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 50, issued October 12, contains "Coachy," the story of a little girl, her curious pet, and its sad fate, by* Elinor Vey, *beautifully illustrated by* Jessie Curtis; *Chapter Five of* John Habberton's *fascinating story of "Who was Paul Grayson?" in which the mystery deepens, illustrated; "Master Noble's Lessons," a story for school-children, by* Mrs. Annie A. Preston; *an exquisite engraving of* Shakespeare *at the age of twelve, with a short sketch of his life; one of the "Mr. Martin" stories, by* Jimmy Brown; *a Letter from Bessie Maynard to her Doll; a page of "Jingles," by* Sherwood Bonner, *charmingly illustrated; an article on Imitation Screw-Heads, how to make them, what to do with them, and the fun that can be had with them, illustrated; besides poetry, puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE QUESTION.

THE question of the election, we are told, is, which of the two parties is more likely to govern the country wisely and well; and again, whether the present prosperous and contented public situation will be more disturbed or more surely maintained by a change of administration. This is substantially the question of the campaign. It is with this debate that the country rings. All the gentlemen who are announced in the papers to speak every day and every night, upon one side or the other, are speaking upon this question. Mr. Evarts, at the Cooper Institute, brilliantly shows that a change would be unwise from every point of view. Mr. Seymour, at Chickering Hall, argues that such a change is most desirable. This, indeed, is always the question of a Presidential campaign; and the necessary point of departure of the debate is the principles, professions, history, and character of the parties. How, indeed, can we tell whether a ship is likely to carry us safely, until we have investigated ship and crew? and how absurd it would be if we were told, when we wished to look into the hold, that we ought not to do that, because it would be sure to excite unpleasant feeling. Yet that is precisely the manner in which Republicans are accosted when they propose to consider what the antecedents and spirit and tendency of the Democratic party are. The one great glaring fact in the history and present situation of that party is that it is a Southern party. Deduct "the South," and the Democratic party practically disappears. Yet to inquire into this fact, to try to ascertain what it means and what it promises, is declared to be a kind of wickedness, proving a bad heart, and showing a ferocious disposition to alienate brethren, and foster a hateful sectionalism.

This is exceedingly droll. Mr. Wade Hampton, for instance, comes into the State of New York. He denounces the extravagance, the corruption, the centralization, of the Republican party. He complains of its distrust and hostility toward his own part of the country, and insists that its present administration was born of fraud, and that it is, in a word, the enemy of the peace, prosperity, and progress of the country. He then asserts that his own region has heartily acquiesced in the results of the unpleasantness, that it cheerfully recognizes the changed conditions of affairs, and the equality of all citizens; that it is overflowing with brotherly love and good-will to man, especially the colored man, and that the only serpent in the paradise is that monster, compact of every crime, the Republican party. But if in the same State Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Depew, or any other eminent Republican, proposes to look into the nature of this hearty acquiescence, and at this overflow of brotherly affection for everybody, especially the colored voter, and to ask whether a free vote and a fair count are to be secured by Mr. Hampton and his friends, and if, still prosecuting these perfectly legitimate inquiries, he proceeds to ask what is this party of Mr. Hampton's, what has it done, what views has it held, and how and why, with its history and character and spirit, it is more likely to administer the government more wisely for all citizens and all interests than the Republican party, he is assailed by Mr. Hampton's party presses and fellow-orators as thirsting for blood, and rekindling old embers of strife, and preaching the devil's gospel of brotherly hate. And while this is the fate of Mr. Evarts and Mr. Depew and their Republican associates in New York, if a Republican club holds a meeting in Mr. Hampton's own State, the Democratic Rifle Clubs and Red Shirts and Regulators of every kind shut up their shops, attend the meeting armed, and insist upon sharing the time with the speakers or silencing them altogether.

But if in one part of the country to inquire what the Democratic party has done, in order to determine what it probably will do, is wicked sectionalism, and in another part not to be a Democrat is to be silenced by hook or by crook, how is the debate to proceed? It is apparently proper, in the estimation of Democratic journals, for Democrats to show what Republicans have done, but it is something in the nature of a crime for Republicans to show what Democrats have done. It is perfectly legitimate, by Democratic standards, to hold Republicans responsible for the Whiskey Ring four years ago, but altogether devilish to hold the Democrats responsible for the massacre and murder and harrying of colored voters at the same time, and for the systematic and organized cheating of the tissue ballots. In a word, unable to deny the flagrant crimes intended to seize the government by force and fraud at the polls, the Democrats try to distract the public eye and mind by insisting that it is unbrotherly to allude to the crimes, while apparently it is not to be thought wrong and wicked and bloody and sectional and unfraternal to commit them. For the crimes themselves not a Democratic orator or paper has a word of condemnation. But they unite in decrying as stirrers up of fraternal strife and assassins of union those who expose them, and who warn the country against the domination of a party which seeks power by such means. The Democrats would prefer speculations about finance and the tariff; but the one natural, logical, inevitable question of the campaign, namely, Does the Democratic party show by what it did when it had the national power, and by what it does where it has the local power to-day, that it would probably adopt a wiser financial policy, more surely protect the equal rights of all citizens, and more certainly promote administrative reform?—this is the question which they declare no true lover of his country can ask, while, in fact, no true lover of his country would ask any other.

INDIANA.

The result in Indiana will be known simultaneously with the issue of this paper. It is generally a Democratic State, and Democratic success by an average Democratic majority is to be expected. If such should be the result, it ought not to discourage Republicans, nor be accepted as an indication of changing sentiment in the country. That would be indicated by Republican success, and there could be no belief that General Hancock would be elected if the Republicans should carry Indiana. It would be a very gratifying result, but not one that we have anticipated, and we shall not be disappointed unless it should appear that the Democrats have largely increased their majority. Brag is a good dog, but he barks sometimes too loudly. He made a tremendous noise in Maine, and the result, for all his uproar, was exceedingly disagreeable. It is not good tactics to claim everything in advance even in a doubtful State. We have hoped, and we still hope, that the Democratic majority in Indiana will be reduced, and that the result will show what we believe to be the actual situation, namely, that, with the electoral votes of the Southern States seized by Democratic fraud and violence, the contest must be necessarily close. We have never thought or said that General Garfield would have a "walk over." The conditions of the problem have been very obvious and simple. The contest has been narrowed to one point: without New York the Democrats can not succeed. Can they carry New York? This has been the question. The State result in Indiana has been important chiefly as it affected opinion in New York.

The vote in Maine was undoubtedly a disappointment to Republicans, but we doubt if Democrats honestly expect to carry the State for General Hancock. The bare plurality of Mr. Plaisted was not due to a deliberate desire to change the national administration, but to a combination of reasons that will not affect the Presidential result. A few hundred citizens changing their votes in November would give the State to General Garfield; and without looking further for a reason, it is unquestionable that there are that number of voters who are appalled by the prospect of an alliance of soft-money men and Democrats controlling the national government and tinkering the finances. Maine has undoubtedly made a great many Republican voters by alarming indifferent citizens who desire that there should be no change, but who were careless so long as they believed Republican success assured. Should Indiana seem to presage an entire change in the control of the government and its policy, a very large number of persons who generally take no part in elections would be at once active in support of the Republican ticket, to avert what would seem to them a serious disaster. This body of persons is especially large in New York, and their action would go far to balance the feather-heads who might be blown from the fence upon the wrong side by a breeze from Indiana. But it must be a very strong breeze indeed, to show that the wind has really changed. If Indiana should elect Democratic State officers, it will do only what is fairly to be expected, and no Republican need be dismayed. The real contest is still, as it always has been, in New York, and in New York the prospects are now, as they have been constantly, most favorable to Republican victory.

But the fact of the immense importance attached to the elections in the "October States" imposes a plain duty upon the citizens of these States, and that is to change the time of the State election. There are a great many people who suppose that the Presidential election will be determined by the preliminary result in the "October States." And why? Because of the indication given by that result of the state of public opinion, and the consequent moral influence upon other States. Now when Indiana or any other single State votes in October, it is easy to colonize, and to concentrate corruption funds, so as to produce a wholly deceptive result. Such colonization and corrupt concentration are impossible when all the States vote simultaneously. In the interest of honest elections, therefore, it is desirable that the State should occur at the same time with the national election. It is a change in the common interest. No party could gain by it at the expense of the other, and no "October State"—in which we include Maine—gains anything for itself by separate elections. Indeed, these States would greatly gain by a change, because, were the local and general election held on the same day, as they are in the other States, each party would nominate the best possible State ticket to help the national nominations. There is no advantage for any State, or party, or good cause, in maintaining the preliminary State election, and the good citizens of the "October States," who are the great majority, ought to secure the change which would tend to make the national election an honest expression of the national will.

"THE BAR'L."

It is currently reported that in the Southern part of Maine voters were bought for the Democratic ticket at prices ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars each, and it is openly stated in a Democratic district in New York that a young man who does not live in the district, and who has no public or political standing, but who wishes to go to Congress, would pay five thousand dollars for the Democratic nomination, and twenty thousand more to "run" the canvass. Meanwhile upon both sides the most strenuous exertions are made by the party managers to extort money from the office-holders, the Democratic authorities levying upon the men who hold local offices, and the Republicans upon those who hold national offices. Senator Blaine intimates, and the newspapers declare, and the public believes, that the result in Maine was due in great part to the lavish use of money; and it is freely asserted and believed, also, that great sums of money have been spent in Indiana. The nomination of Mr. Tilden in 1876 was hailed as securing plenty of money for the campaign, and if there be any other reason for the nomination of Mr. English this year than that he is a rich man, it has not been generally announced.

This is a serious situation, because it shows that an election is becoming a mere battle of "bar'ls," and that money, not opinion or conviction, decides the policy of the government. The "still hunt" is another phrase to express the same fact. It means the quiet placing of money where it will do the most good; that is to say, where it will buy the most voters. The condition of political feeling is such, for instance, that when it is said that Mr. Tilden, to revenge himself upon Mr. Reed, of Maine, for his part in the Potter investigating committee, which exposed the Tilden cipher corruption, advanced a large sum to defeat Mr. Reed's return to Congress, the story is not at once dismissed as calumnious gossip, as it certainly would be if, *mutatis mutandis*, it were told in England of Mr. Gladstone or of Sir Stafford Northcote. Whether the story be true or false, that it is accepted as not extraordinary or incredible is illustrative of the general consciousness of the illicit use of enormous sums of money in elections. It used to be said of a noted lobbyist in Albany that at the beginning of a legislative session he calculated that there might be a hundred thousand dollars sent to the city as a corruption fund, and decided that it was better to turn it into the hands of his own party rather than into those of the opposition, the condition being that his party should support the legislation desired.

The sophistry that reconciles the voter to the illicit use of money in elections is of the same kind. It is, indeed, the oldest and most familiar of pleas. If you don't steal, or bribe, or swindle, somebody else will. That is the whole argument, stripped of its disguises. The trouble is that the more generally it is believed that money determines the election, the more general will be the withdrawal of honest men from politics, and the more complete the management of politics and the control of the government by venal knaves. To buy elections is to sell the government. It is the overthrow of the American system, and the introduction of the most sordid of despotisms. These are very elementary truths, but they are still truths even in the closing weeks of a great and important political contest. The legitimate expenses of a canvass, indeed, are immense, and every man who is sincerely interested in the result will be as generous in giving as he can honestly afford to be. It is not of honest but of dishonest uses of money that we are speaking. It is the universal, open understanding that a State is to be carried by a "still hunt," or by "tapping the bar'l," not that documents and tickets are to be printed, and advertisements paid for, and the expenses of speakers paid, and banners bought, and halls and music hired, which is menacing. These last are all fair expenses. But buying votes is the beginning of the end. To teach men that their votes are merchandise is to dig away the foundations. Our government is in the keeping of every individual voter. He must make an individual protest against corruption. But if he enters into a competition with others as to which shall corrupt most swiftly and most surely, he is merely struggling to bore a hole in the ship's bottom before t'other fellow can succeed in the same effort.

BEAMS AND MOTES.

A Kentucky Democratic correspondent can not understand how it is that Republicans who desire reform can support General Arthur, whom they have opposed as a representative of the thing to be reformed. How can they reconcile their former opposition with their present support? he asks; and he concludes, with inscrutable logic, that all who really wish reform will vote for General Hancock. There are many questions, however, besides the one he asks, to which our Kentucky correspondent may wisely turn his attention. How is it, for instance, that Democratic voters, having declared for honest money at Cincinnati, ardently supported the Greenback candidate in Maine? And how is it that General Hancock, nominated upon the same platform, shouted for joy over the success of the soft-money candidate as a glorious victory? Is it, perhaps, because the Democratic party has no principles whatever upon the subject, and takes any position, and makes any promise, and raises any cry that in any place may seem favorable to success? This is one question to which our correspondent may wisely devote considerable meditation. And there is another, not less important, which deserves a great deal of his attention. How is it that the party whose candidate emphasizes the importance of free and fair elections is the only party which prevents such elections? One other question our correspondent may wisely ponder. How can a friend of administrative reform hope to promote its interests by voting for Mr. William H. English—a gentleman who carefully and elaborately in his letter of acceptance declares himself to be in favor of

the essential abuse which the reform proposes to correct? Our correspondent will see, upon a little reflection, that the beam is quite as large as the mote, and that there are many questions very much more troublesome and difficult to answer than the one he proposes, namely, why independent voters and reform Republicans support General ARTHUR for the Vice-Presidency.

The reason of this support is very obvious. It is that Republican success means the election of General GARFIELD, and that that result offers the only chance for the maintenance of the reform which has been already secured in many details and branches of the service, and because it will save the country from the enormous loss, confusion, and demoralization consequent upon a clean sweep in the whole range of places. General GARFIELD is a public man who has devoted a great deal of attention to this subject, and he has decided convictions, which he has often clearly expressed. In his letter of acceptance he points out the desirability of Congressional action to regulate the tenure of office, and he holds that such action is indispensable to permanent reform. These are the words of a man who has thought upon the subject, and who has watched with interest and sympathy the measures that have been adopted, and who is aware that the great body of those who regard the reform as a most important question support him because of their confidence in his convictions and purposes. The passage in his letter of acceptance in which he says that the Executive, in considering appointments, should consult those whose knowledge of the communities in which the official duties are to be performed qualifies them to judge, is supposed to indicate that he would, as President, farm out the patronage to members of Congress. But not only is this not the necessary construction of his words, but he has distinctly condemned such bargaining as a monstrous abuse.

Nothing could be more ludicrous than that any Republican voter who is interested in this question should decline to support General GARFIELD, who is an open and intelligent friend of reform, because General ARTHUR is associated with him as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and vote for General HANCOCK, who has no known views upon the subject, who is the candidate of the original party of the spoils system, and with whom is associated Mr. ENGLISH, who frankly declares himself to be a friend of the spoils system, and who cries aloud for a clean sweep. Our Kentucky correspondent must propound some more perplexing inquiry than this after he has answered satisfactorily such little questions as we have suggested for his consideration.

THE ORIGINAL OLD PROBABILITIES.

IN lately speaking of the death of General MYER, of the Signal Service, we said that he was the founder and organizer of the Weather Service. But we are reminded that in an article upon the Smithsonian Institution, in JOHNSON'S *Cyclopædia*, which was approved by the late Professor HENRY, it is stated that "the Smithsonian was also the first to inaugurate a system of daily telegraphic weather signals." Professor HENRY would not have approved an inaccurate statement of this kind, and the Smithsonian Institution, therefore, must be regarded as the original Old Probabilities.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

AN interesting little photograph from a picture is often seen which represents two old ladies seated at a table, called the Ladies of Llangollen. We have been often asked who they were and what is their story, and we find a very satisfactory answer in a late number of the *Literary World*, from a correspondent in Coburg, Ontario. Lady ELEANOR BUTLER, sister of the seventeenth Earl of Ormonde. and Miss SARAH PONSONBY, sister of the Earl of Bessborough, in the middle of the last century formed a strong and romantic mutual attachment, which led them to decline all offers of marriage, and exposed them to the resolute remonstrance of their families. This they determined to escape, and in 1765 they left London, with one faithful attendant, and withdrew to the secluded valley of Llangollen, where they lived quietly together for more than sixty years.

Lady ELEANOR was tall and handsome, of a vigorous frame, and of great skill in horsemanship; Miss PONSONBY was fair, gentle, and pensive. Their house was a charming cottage upon a little domain of two acres, which were laid out and embellished by their fine taste. There they received courteously, but returned no visits, and they were the Lady Bountifuls of the poor in their parish. Their time was passed in study, and in sketching, painting, and riding, and glided peacefully and uneventfully away. Dr. COGSWELL, the first Astor librarian, saw them in 1820, and wrote of them to Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR, describing them as delightful women, and regretting that his visit was so short.

Lady ELEANOR died on the 2d of June, 1829, in her ninetieth year, and her friend and life-long companion about twenty months later. A triangular pyramid in the village church-yard marks their graves, and records their names, with that of their trusty friend and maid MARY CARRYL. The Vale of Llangollen is in North Wales, and is watered by the river Dee—not, of course, the Scotch river of that name. The name of the valley is familiar from the old song, "The Maid of Llangollen," who was, however, neither of the ladies whose story is the romance of the vale.

AMERICAN BEEF AND GRAIN IN ENGLAND.

THE report of Mr. REED and Mr. PELL, the latter a member of the British Parliament, upon American agriculture is well worthy attention. The enormous supply of American beef and American grain arriving in England had aroused general attention and even alarm in farming circles, and Messrs. REED and PELL came out to ascertain the exact situation, and to discover what England has to expect hereafter. They have apparently looked closely and studied shrewdly, and from their report it is evident to the London *Times* that "it is not so much the soil, the climate, or the vastness of the American continent that the British agriculturist has to fear as the irrepressible energy, the boundless self-confidence, and the inexhaustible invention of the United States citizen."

The quantity of Indian corn exported has never exceeded seven per cent., and by converting it into beef and pork the American farmer expects to receive double the value he could command for his corn. The export of beef has thoroughly frightened the English grazier, but Messrs. REED and PELL hold the American supply of live or dead meat to be thus far an experiment only, and that the paying success is very doubtful. Loss and profit are within the range of a penny per pound. The export of fat beasts to England has been a failure so far in the opinion of the report, because the animals require much room and care, and can not stand bad weather. It is now proposed to send store animals of improved breed.

Messrs. REED and PELL decide that we can not make very good cheese, and that generally American butter is inferior. The *Times* says, "Really good butter of the English kind is a very great and expensive luxury in America. Perhaps the enormous quantities of 'butterine' discharged daily on the Continent and the world from the abattoirs may have something to do with this." The report does not fear any immediate rivalry in the butter and cheese manufacture. But the *Times* in summing up the report says, with rueful frankness, "America has thrown down the gauntlet, and will not desist till she win."

MRS. GRUNDY.

THERE is a paragraph going the rounds to the effect that the famous Mrs. Grundy, whose word is the law of fashion, and the mere terror of whose reproof is a social corrective, was the wife of a noted politician of forty and fifty years ago, FELIX GRUNDY, of Tennessee, President VAN BUREN'S Attorney-General. She is said to have ruled Washington society with a rod of iron, and her social authority to have been so supreme that "Mrs. GRUNDY says" was conclusive in all social debate. Mrs. FELIX GRUNDY may have been this autocratic lady, but she is not the original of the phrase, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" That personage, as any Dictionary of Quotations will show, is found by name in MORTON'S comedy of *Speed the Plough*, which somewhat antedates the wife of Mr. VAN BUREN'S Attorney-General. THOMAS MORTON was born in 1764, and died in 1838.

MR. BUCHANAN AND GENERAL HANCOCK.

AN interesting letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* describes a dinner given in 1856 by Judge KANE, District Judge in Pennsylvania—a shrewd political manager, whose loss must be greatly deplored by the Democrats in that State during this campaign. Their party in 1844, as now in 1880, was confronted with the tariff, and it was to Judge KANE that the party owed its impudent cry of "POLK, DALLAS, and the tariff." In 1856 the great question was slavery, and there were many old Pennsylvania Whigs who were not yet ready for what they feared to be the radicalism of the Republican party, and yet who distrusted the slavery tendencies of the Democratic party. They were, in fact, precisely where a great many Democrats are to-day in regard to the Southern drift of their party, and Judge KANE resolved that they should hear from Mr. BUCHANAN his views upon the vexed question, as the doubting Democrats have lately heard General HANCOCK'S views upon rebel claims.

The dinner was given at Fern Rock, the country-seat of Judge KANE, and the guests were "Old Line Whigs," whose support of Mr. BUCHANAN, if it could be secured, would be of signal service to his party. Mr. BUCHANAN, therefore, was most circumspect and plausible in his discourse. He said that he had been out of the country as Minister in England, and was wholly free from entangling alliances—as a soldier like General HANCOCK might be supposed to be at present. If elected, Mr. BUCHANAN said that he should hold an independent middle position, yielding to neither extreme; the people of Kansas and Nebraska should settle the slavery question by "a free vote and a fair count," for his ambition was to reconcile all sections under his administration. This talk has a wonderfully familiar sound. But it served to persuade the gentlemen to whom it was addressed, and, as the letter says, this, together "with some smart political trickery manipulated by Mr. FORNEY, then chairman of the State Executive Democratic Committee," secured the electoral vote of Pennsylvania for Mr. BUCHANAN.

These "old line Whigs" had probably forgotten that in accepting the nomination Mr. BUCHANAN had said that he had ceased to be himself, and had become the platform. So when he was elected he was no longer the candidate at Fern Rock—he was the Democratic party. His cowardly surrender to the rebels in his cabinet and his betrayal of the Union followed. His personality was merged in his party, and there is nothing in General HANCOCK'S career which justifies the supposition that he would defy his party. If Mr. BUCHANAN could not withstand the party pressure, it is merely amusing to suppose that General HANCOCK could withstand it; and if anybody supposes that the Democratic party pressure will be for sound finance, economy, equal rights, and reform, he is like the "Old Line Whigs" at Fern Rock twenty-four years ago, who supposed that Democratic success would secure conciliation because Mr. BUCHANAN said that he would be independent.

PERSONAL.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS, the distinguished engineer, whose works are familiar to men of science in both hemispheres, is now just sixty years old. He is a native of Indiana. At an early age he removed to St. Louis, and most of his evening leisure was spent in studying works on engineering. At nineteen he went on a Mississippi steamer, and from that time to the present his thoughts and work have been largely devoted to its improvement for navigation. The most remarkable bridge in the world is the work of Captain EADS. This is the steel bridge, half a mile long, over the Mississippi at St. Louis, constructed at a cost of about nine millions of dollars. It is used by ten or twelve of the great railways centring at St. Louis, and has ways for ordinary public traffic.

—A few days ago Père HYACINTHE solemnized the marriage of Abbé LAINE, and at the conclusion of the service congratulated him on having allowed the rights of his heart to prevail over the prejudice that obliges priests to crush their love or profane it. Father HYACINTHE also maintained that from the point of view of patriotism marriage was the duty as well as the right of the clergy—in which he had the sympathy of Abbé and Mrs. LAINE.

—The venerable Mr. J. CLEPHANE, aged ninety, a printer now living in Washington, is the oldest resident of the capital. He was one of the compositors who set up the first edition of "Waverley," and also read proof with Sir WALTER SCOTT. He came to this country in 1817, and was for many years employed on the *National Intelligencer*.

—Mr. E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY, in a recent article on Lord PALMERSTON, mentions that many years ago the Queen politely but firmly told him to get married, for if her Foreign Secretary continued a bachelor there would soon be serious difficulty about the reception of ambassadresses. "May it please your Majesty," said Lord PALMERSTON, "I should be only too happy to marry if I knew any one who would have me." The Queen graciously replied that there need be no difficulty on that head, and that if it were necessary she would take upon herself to find a lady both ready and willing. So Lady COWPER was sent for from Rome, to reign for thirty years over London society. It is said, by-the-way, that this lady decided her husband was to be Prime Minister long before the idea occurred to himself. It was a very happy match—indeed, a love match. It is known that Lord PALMERSTON seldom gave himself real rest except when he had a cold. He would then allow himself a holiday, to be spent by the fire, in a cozy arm-chair, with a novel—the more sensational the better. Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S *Woman in White* is said to have given him some hours of intense enjoyment.

—One of the most delightful books of the year is the *Life and Work of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. It is filled with the most charming reminiscences—like this, for example, from one of the closing chapters: "In February, 1876, he accepted an invitation to a rather remarkable lunch party. The Rev. Dr. ADAMS, of the Presbyterian Church, invited him, with a few other octogenarian friends, to meet a venerable gentleman, who, bright and well in his ninetieth year, was then expected on a visit. Among those present were the poet BRYANT, Mr. PETER COOPER, Mr. JAMES BROWN, the Rev. Dr. CALHOUN, of Syria, and others. As Dr. MUHLENBERG exchanged greetings with Mr. BRYANT he playfully quoted, with mock ruefulness, two lines from the poet's 'Death of the Flowers':

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.'

Mr. BRYANT laughed, enjoying the application. 'Coming to the table,' wrote Dr. ADAMS, in his mention of the occasion, 'I requested Dr. MUHLENBERG to ask a blessing, and taking from his pocket a slip of paper, which at this moment lies before me in his own handwriting, he read these lines:

"Solemn thanks be our grace, for the years that are past,
With their blessings untold; and though this be our last,
Yet, joyful our trust that through Christ 'twill be given,
All here meet again, at His table in heaven."'

'Amen, amen,' was the hearty response from that bright, beautiful, and cheerful group. Dr. MUHLENBERG and Dr. ADAMS loved each other. 'More than once,' said the latter, 'I have said to my family, when returning from some interview with him, in which he had honored me with a kiss, that I felt as if the Apostle JOHN had embraced me, and repeated in my ear some words which had been whispered to him by the Master on whose bosom he had leaned at the supper.'"

—The "Boston way" of doing things was illustrated at the great celebration a few days since, when Mr. JORDAN (of the house of JORDAN, MARSH, & Co.), who had been associated with Mr. P. S. GILMORE in the old "Jubilee" festival, conceived the notion of bringing Mr. GILMORE and his famous band from New York to march at the head of his own employés, whom he had invited to parade as a representative body in the procession. It was a hit. There were about seven hundred of JORDAN, M., & Co.'s people in the procession, crowned with a bevy of thirty-eight girls arrayed in blue and white, and arranged in a barge that held them all in artistic grouping. Mr. JORDAN, now a man of sixty, began life in one of the smallest retail stores in Boston. With some of the first money he earned he went to school to improve himself in education. His firm now stands at the head of the mercantile houses of New England.

—The London *Standard* of September 23 mentions that on the previous Sunday, at Hawarden church, Mr. GLADSTONE assisted the rector by reading the lessons for the day. It is quite common in the rural churches of England for people of distinction to read the portion of Scripture appointed to be read for the day. In the United States it has not yet become the fashion.

—The General Convention of the Episcopal Church, now in session in this city, numbers among its members several gentlemen who have for many years occupied distinguished public positions. Among them are the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Massachusetts; Governor STEVENSON, of Kentucky; Hon. HAMILTON FISH, of New York; Senator EDMUNDS, of Vermont; Senator BALDWIN, of Michigan; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, of Maryland; Judge COMSTOCK, of Syracuse; Professor COPPÉE, of Pennsylvania; Judge WHITTLE, of Georgia; and CORTLAND PARKER, of New Jersey. All these gentlemen are good debaters, and frequently lighten up the routine of business by very good talk.

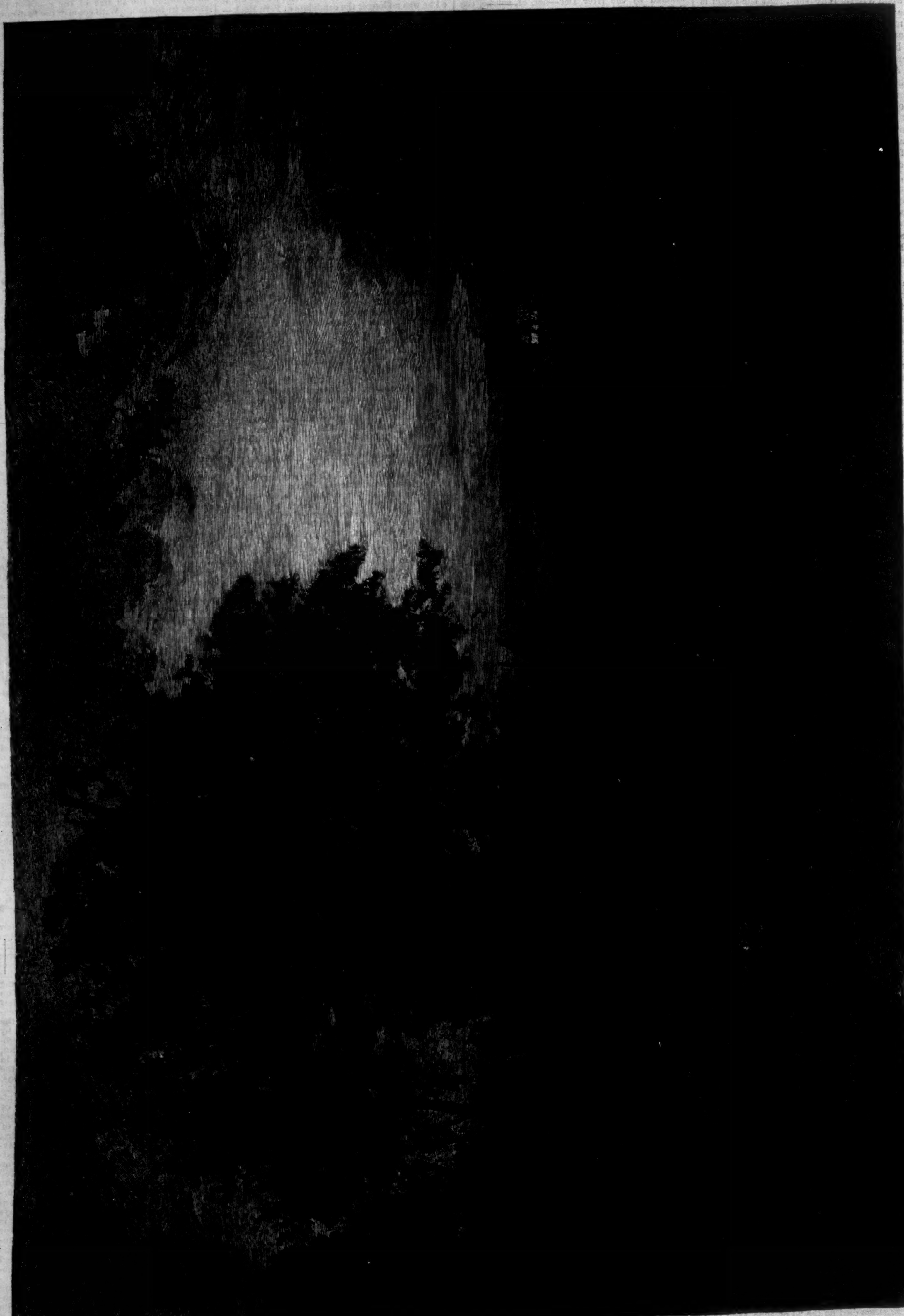
—Mr. CORCORAN'S residence in Washington is not only the finest in that city, but would be accounted palatial in any city in Europe. One of its principal apartments (perhaps its most striking) is the library—a large, square room that seems cut out of oak, Gothic in style, and elaborately carved. The mantel, mirror frame, and book-cases are fine specimens of carved work richly inlaid with malachite. The books, about four thousand volumes, are very valuable. Above the door which leads to the dining-room hangs a portrait of GEORGE PEABODY by a distinguished artist, to which Mr. CORCORAN is greatly attached. The relations of these great philanthropists were of the most intimate character for sixty-five years, and Mr. CORCORAN has hundreds of letters from his old friend. Indeed, the letters in Mr. CORCORAN'S library are of the greatest interest. There may be seen friendly letters from many of the great characters of Europe and America. There are several from HUMBOLDT of a highly interesting character, while there are many from WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, AMOS KENDALL, Father RICHIE, FILLMORE, TYLER, BUCHANAN, and nearly all the prominent men in a former period before the war. He was consulted by both parties in Congress in regard to financial questions, and Mr. WEBSTER seemed to have great respect for his opinions. Among his letters are many from business men of a rather remarkable character. After Mr. CORCORAN was well started in business in Georgetown he failed, with heavy liabilities. The failure was not due to any lack of business sagacity or foresight on his part (being due wholly to other suspensions), but he was forced to compromise with his creditors, paying them fifty cents on the dollar. Many years afterward he paid the entire indebtedness, with interest, the interest in some cases nearly equalling the principal.

—Among the wits and conversationalists of Paris, M. ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE is said to tell stories in a capital manner, with a good deal of neatness and originality. M. EMILE AUGIER is incisive and rather "broad," and his laugh communicative. M. SARDOU has great lingual facility, and an ease that recalls the small-talk of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the elder. VICTOR HUGO is somewhat prolix, talks well, and has no objection to hearing the sound of his own voice. His conversation is erudite, copious, ample, replete with antithesis, and palpably labored, in spite of the appearance of *bonhomie* which he endeavors to give it. One evening, about the time when he was on very familiar terms with LOUIS PHILIPPE, the sovereign, who himself liked to talk, and the poet, continued a "confab" at the royal château so late into the night that the domestics, thinking everybody had gone to bed, put out the lights, and themselves retired to rest. When LOUIS PHILIPPE'S visitor rose to take leave, the King found himself obliged to light his guest out. This may be called a great success in talking.

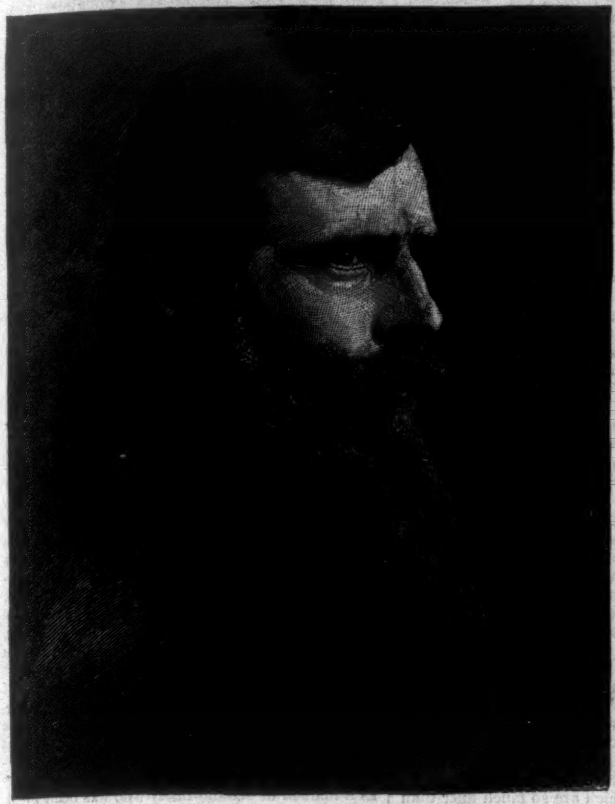
—Mr. JOEL COOK, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and the American correspondent of the London *Times*, has been named as the Republican candidate for City Comptroller of Philadelphia—a most excellent nomination.

—Courtesies are coming into favor. A few years ago (in 1867) Bishop POTTER had occasion to make an "official utterance" to young Dr. TYNG for a canonical irregularity. Some three or four years ago young Dr. TYNG, in the Diocesan Convention, showed the kindliness of his heart and the soundness of his head by offering a resolution of condolence with the bishop on the loss of his son, supplementing it with a few very eloquent remarks. In the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the 7th inst., another graceful act was performed by the Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX, a representative High-Churchman, who moved that the Rev. Dr. TYNG, Sen., emeritus rector of St. George's Church in this city, be invited to a seat at the side of the President of the Convention during its sessions. Carried unanimously. "*Les extrêmes se touchent.*"

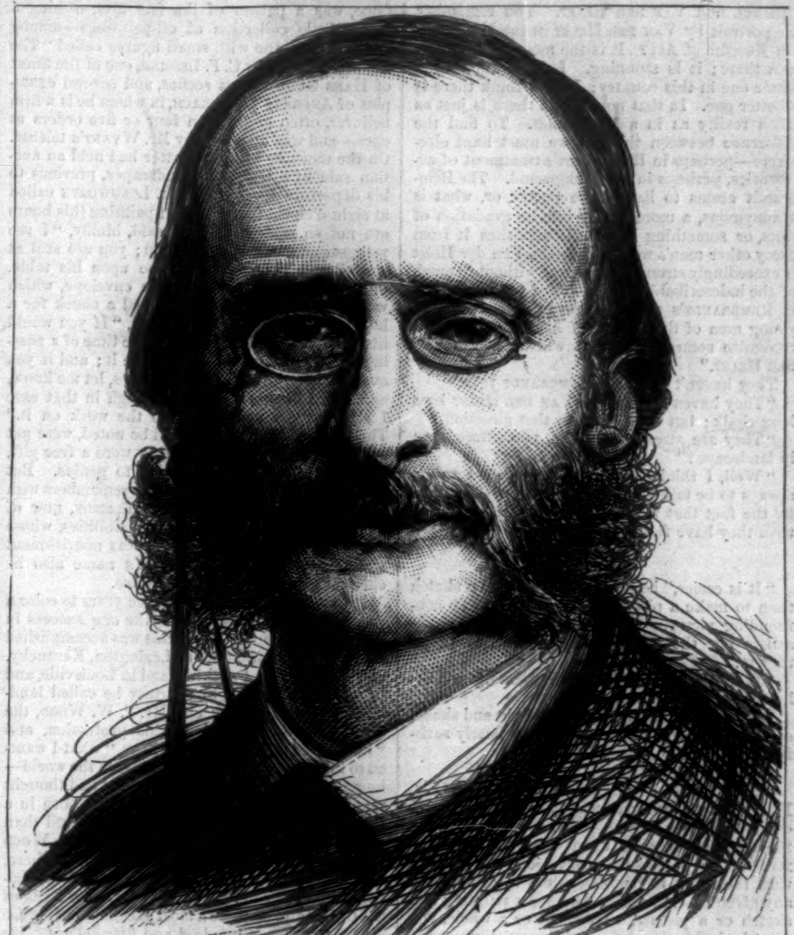
—Professor BENJAMIN PEIRCE, of Harvard University, who died on the 6th inst., at the age of seventy-one, was one of the most distinguished scholars of New England, and the author of many mathematical and scientific works that are now recognized as authorities. For forty-seven years he had been Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in that institution, and from 1867 to 1874 was Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey. "While Professor PEIRCE has the tenacity of grasp and power of endurance which enable him to make the most intricate and tedious numerical computations," says ex-President HILL in a recent sketch, "he is still more distinguished by intensity and fervor of action in every part of his nature: an enthusiasm for whatever is noble and beautiful in the world or in art, in fiction or real life; an exalted moral strength and purity; a glowing imagination which soars into seventh heavens; an insight and a keenness of external observation which make the atom as grand to him as a planet; a depth of reverence which exalts him while he abases himself." Professor PEIRCE left a wife, three sons, and a daughter. The eldest son, JAMES M. PEIRCE, is Professor of Mathematics in Harvard; CHARLES S. PEIRCE is a Professor in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and H. H. D. PEIRCE is connected with the firm of HERTER & BROTHER, in this city.



A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE.—By A. H. Wyant, N. A.—Engraved by F. Juengling.



ALEXANDER H. WYANT.



JACQUES OFFENBACH.—[See Page 683.]

ALEXANDER H. WYANT.

I.

Pictures are often poems, from the intensity of feeling with which their beauty is portrayed. Mr. Wyant was painting such a one when I saw him last.

"You work by gas-light too?" I asked. It was evening, and he was sitting near an easel.

"Yes," he replied, "often. It helps one in keying up his picture. Take this landscape: the yellows are too dull, and by gas-light they show how dull they are—how they tend to sink into grays. I brighten them. To-morrow, very likely, they will look too bright. In that case—which is what I expect and desire—I shall key up the purples and the blues, making the purples more red, and the blues more green, so that they shall harmonize with the brightened yellows. If the latter should prove to be glaring or otherwise too importunate, I shall soften them a little. In any event, the gas-light is serviceable, you see, in helping me to key up the whole picture.

"If I had here some pictures that I painted a long time ago, you would see that they do not contain the right proportions of red and green, or red, blue, and yellow. The sky in that landscape yonder is too simple — not sufficiently vivacious. It needs more red and yellow; not necessarily more warmth, but more life. That's what a painting wants — life, and plenty of it.

"Quick work is often the best, when the mood is on one. It is perfectly natural to excel in one evening the results of weeks and weeks of systematic toil. My landscape at the Century Club [on the occasion of the January reception there] is the best thing I ever did. Before I went to supper a brother artist came in, and saw it as it stood on my easel. 'I am disgusted with it,' I exclaimed. I seized a large brush, and drew hastily a wide belt of gray across the mountain in the background, and said to him: 'If that suggests anything to you, don't tell me what it is.. I am going to paint that picture after supper.' Soon after returning I set to work and painted rapidly for an hour. I have given about half a day since, mending little places. It has become an entirely new picture, and it is the very best I ever made. Yet there is not a day's work on it."

"Will you exhibit it in public?"

"Yes, I shall send it to the exhibition of the Society of American Artists."

"Of which you are a member?"

"Yes; but I don't care much about societies or society. All I care for is to be allowed to paint. The world, I find, gets on without my assistance."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what is the distinguishing characteristic, the special function, the precise place, the *raison d'être*, of the Society of American Artists? What is the bond of union of those young men, and what is the reason for their corporate existence?"

"I believe," replied Mr. Wyant, with his customary imperturbability, "that nobody knows yet where they come in, and for this reason: they haven't done enough American things; they haven't sufficiently tried their skill in depicting the life of their own land. I am dead set on the necessity of a painter's doing that. If an American artist is to do any good and real work, he must do it here, in response to home inspirations, and in loyalty to home impressions. This is what all successful Englishmen do; this is what all successful Frenchmen do. I don't know that the Society of American Artists has a single bond of union, for every member paints Egypt, Syria, Patagonia, Munich, in independent and hap-hazard fashion. Many of the Munich landscapes, for instance, impress one as if their authors had taken a big brush and daubed out every little dash of warm color they might have had, and left them cold. There are no gradations which are affectionate, and which make you love them in turn. Now the gray of a picture should be chock-full of primaries—of red, yellow, and blue, or of violet-gray and greenish-gray—if the result is to be delicious and satisfying. It must hold plenty of color. But what has a landscape of the Munich school to recommend it but a gray made of white and black, and a blue made of white and permanent blue, cold and unsympathetic? Confound me if I don't think a house-painter could do better! It may secure a certain modified attractiveness by a play of light and shade, but that is all. Still, from one point of view, the society represents a reaction against excessive precision and delicacy in art, though much of the so-called delicacy of American academic painting is not real delicacy—a quality which can not exist apart from strength. Furthermore, it is to be said that in figure-painting the members are more successful than in landscapes. Some of the heads exhibited by them are stronger than any similar work yet seen in this country, and this because the painters have learned how to paint, have been instructed in the technics of the art—an accomplishment which many of our older artists have never acquired. The difference between these older and younger workmen may be explained, if not absolutely exemplified, by that between

LAYING OUT BALTIMORE TOWN, JANUARY 12, 1730.—Drawn by F. B. Mayer.—[See Page 683.]

CABANEL and VAN DER HELST. You remember the portrait by VAN DER HELST in the Metropolitan Museum of Art? It is the most life-like portrait there; it is stunning. I don't know of a better one in this country; I don't think there is a better one. In that noble head there is just as much reality as in a Rembrandt. To find the difference between the two we must hunt elsewhere—perhaps in REMBRANDT's treatment of accessories, perhaps in his background. The Rembrandt seems to have more poetry, or, what is synonymous, a more nearly infinite gradation of tints, or something which distinguishes it from every other man's work; while the Van der Helst is exceedingly strong and natural, without so much of the indescribable quality called 'poetry' which is REMBRANDT's mark. Now in some of these young men of the Society of American Artists I recognize something of that which I see in VAN DER HELST."

They haven't got up to REMBRANDT yet?"

"They haven't got up to VAN DER HELST by a long chalk; but I see them in that direction."

"They are stronger, then, in portraiture than in landscape?"

"Well, I think they are. But what I say is always to be taken in a qualified sense—qualified by the fact that they promise a good deal more than they have fulfilled."

II.

"It is easier," he resumed, "to make a sketch than to make a picture. They seem to be confounding pictures with sketches. This neither artists nor the public will stand. Nor ought they to."

"Is that a picture?" I asked, pointing to a delicious sketch on an easel near by.

"Well" (ruminatingly), "it has light and shade, a suggestion of color, and it is very nearly satisfying."

"Does that constitute it a picture?"

"No. When I come to examine into details, I find that the work is merely a suggestion. I can not call it a picture. You see the answer to the question depends upon what a man paints for. If he paints for expression, and gets it, then the result is complete—it is a picture. In any given case, to decide whether a painting is a sketch or a picture, a fragment or a whole, you must be inside the clothes of the artist who made it. You can't decide otherwise."

"Then not all artists paint for expression?"

"I think not," he replied, musingly; "I think not—I think not. By a picture painted for expression I mean a picture that moves you, that excites an emotion, that affects you with joy or grief, love or dread, pity or admiration, so that you don't think how it is painted, or even that it is painted; you think of the tumult, the commotion, the serenity, the sweetness, the peace—a dozen other words that I can't mention—rather than of the color, the treatment, the drawing, the *chiar-oscuro*, the perspective. This is the highest kind of painting, the true kind, the only real kind. There is a painting" (pointing to a small landscape in front of him that stood on the floor) "that GEORGE INNESS would call 'hard-tack.' Every leaf is made out, every tree is characterized, every twig and stick, even to the uttermost corners of things, so that every bit of expression or unity has gone out of it, and for that reason it isn't landscape painting at all, although when I was making it I thought I was making a mighty fine study. It is still-life—that's what it is. You look on it simply as a curiosity. Where does your eye centre? Anywhere? Nowhere.

"COROT," continued Mr. WYANT, with enthusiasm, "was the prince of these painters for expression. His fame will never grow less, but will expand and rise. His 'Orphée' was not appreciated as generally as other works of his; it was so simple—'most too simple for me to understand it—not tangible enough. I hadn't developed far enough to comprehend it thoroughly; it was so simple a bit of expression that I was not educated far enough to see it. His large sunset with figures, in the Goupil Gallery, impresses me more, and is, I think, a finer work. Some of his small pieces are more in sympathy with what I have tried to do. Here is a small study of mine—birch-trees coming up against a light sky. I did not make it for a Corot, but it always reminds me of one, more or less. What do I think of JULES DUPRÉ? Why, JULES DUPRÉ is the biggest man that ever painted; first, because of his illumination, and secondly, because of his color. D'AUBIGNY? Oh, D'AUBIGNY and COROT and JULES DUPRÉ, different as they are, belong to the same category. My God! I wish I could hope to do something as good as they in their best pictures have done. And there is another man—ROUSSEAU; he is a member of the same group. He has intense realism of color, with sometimes the utmost strength, and sometimes the utmost delicacy; he has painted over the whole range of landscape: it is difficult to settle such a man as that in a few words. Then DIAZ is a good deal of a painter, and may be acknowledged such for his little landscapes with figures. His best successes, his strongest ideas of color, are where he has combined the figure and the landscape; but as a landscape painter solely I should not reckon him among the company of the four. MILLET? He was a glorious man; he painted glorious pictures. Ever since I saw his 'Potato Gatherers' in Mr. WALTERS's collection in Baltimore (an essentially vulgar subject), I have wished that we had some man—only one man—who could ennoble the avocations of men so much as to enable us to forget them."

III.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON WYANT was born at Port Washington, Ohio, on the 11th of January, 1836. The chief incidents of his early art life were, he says, hunting, fishing, and playing hookey; and at twenty-one years of age he left home for Cincinnati, where he painted photographs and barbers' poles. Mr. JOSEPH LONGWORTH, of vineyard fame, was a patron of the fine arts, owning a choice little collection of oil-paintings—among them a landscape with small figures called "The Coming Storm," by C. F. LESSING, one of the finest of HANS GUDE's coast scenes, and several examples of ANDREAS ACHENBACH, in whom he is a firm believer, often giving him four or five orders at once—and was attracted by Mr. WYANT's talents. On the morning after the latter had held an auction sale of attempts at landscapes, previous to his departure for Europe, Mr. LONGWORTH called at eight o'clock, found WYANT painting (his hours are not so early now), and said, bluffly, "I see your success hasn't ruined you; you are still at work," and laying an envelope upon his table, hurried out of the room. The envelope, which was directed to WYANT, contained a check for a hundred dollars, and the remark, "If you would like to paint a picture for me some time of a passing shower, I should like to have it; and if you ever are in straitened circumstances, let me know, and I will double the price, though in that case I shall expect you to double the work on it." The hundred dollars, it should be noted, were not in payment for this order; they were a free gift, or rather the tribute of wealth to genius. But the Cincinnatian that Mr. WYANT remembers with most affection is Mr. ARCH B. ELLISON, now of New Orleans—a man of rare capabilities, whose friendship for the young artist was nourishment and cheer. Mr. ANDREW BURT's name also he cherishes in grateful remembrance.

It took Mr. WYANT about three years to color a photograph well enough to make one success in every five attempts. When this was accomplished he obtained a situation in Lexington, Kentucky, and afterward in Frankfort and in Louisville, and began to paint what by courtesy he called landscapes. In the latter city Mr. T. W. WOOD, the artist, was then practicing his profession, and "he showed me," says Mr. WYANT, "what I wanted to know more than anything else in the world—how to make a sketch from nature. I had thought that the ability to do such a thing was born in a man, and that some men were more gifted than others, and could pump out more of them. WOOD told me how the gift could be acquired." There, in the city of Louisville, he painted the first landscape he ever sold. Its title was, "The Falls of the Ohio," and its price a most excellent one, in the circumstances—a hundred and fifty dollars. He returned to Cincinnati, whence, in eight months, "thanks to Mr. LONGWORTH, thanks to my friend ELLISON, and thanks to myself," he started for Europe, going directly to HANS GUDE, in Carlsruhe, with letters of introduction from that artist's Ohio admirers, and spending there the winter of 1863–64.

IV.

Now GUDE had undoubtedly done some creditable work, but at the time of WYANT's advent he had tricked himself down to a manner. His representations of Norwegian scenery, with great clouds, great sky, great rocks, and great space, were often forcible and admirable; but the young American, whose habit it was to paint straight for his subject, without regard to means, much less to artifice, did not fall into veneration of his master. Sympathy was lacking, to begin with; and when one day, soon after his arrival, he began to paint a picture of Lookout Mountain from studies brought with him, and GUDE said, impatiently, "I can't help you on American subjects, but if you will scratch out that composition, and draw a coast scene, I think I can be of assistance to you," the break was complete, for WYANT refused absolutely. "You can bet your last solid dollar," he exclaimed to me, when recalling the incident, "that I didn't scratch it out. I was painting the picture for exhibition in the New York Academy, and I told GUDE that if he painted on it, and I sent to the Academy, not my own work, but his, it would knock the spots out of me for ten years. That sort of thing has been done already in Munich too much for the help of this country's art." GUDE got as red as a turkey-gobbler, and from that day on let WYANT alone. The other students in the building, where the teacher went twice a week to give instruction, received his assistance regularly, but WYANT he never gave the benefit of a single criticism. He passed him by without notice. "We have one strange man in our school," wrote GUDE to Mr. CARMEN, of Cincinnati—"a man of indomitable energy—but I don't understand him." WYANT's fellow-students, however, he fully understood; they were docile, and they painted coast scenes that were all little Gudes. One of them had lived with the teacher in Düsseldorf, had followed him to Carlsruhe, and been fourteen years his pupil, with the result that he could not paint anything but a Gude. "I wish you could have seen them," says Mr. WYANT; "they were just like a pack of sheep, and GUDE was a big ram, and led them around. I haven't heard of one of them since." But GUDE extended his reputation through the pictures of his pupils, who duplicated and circulated his works; and his suggestion to WYANT to scratch off his "Lookout Mountain," Tennessee, and put a Norwegian coast scene in its place, is one of those gems of conventional academic teaching that the world of art ought not willingly to let pale.

V.

Occasional trips to Munich and Paris did not influence appreciably young WYANT's career. In the spring of 1864 he went to London, having bidden good-by to GUDE at a little reception in GUDE's house, where pupil and master forgot their differences over a bowl of Norwegian punch. For three months he walked every day from his lodgings in Pimlico to the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, and studied the landscapes of JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, admiring them exceedingly for their marvellous invention, and sometimes for their color. The one example that most impressed him was "The Frosty Morning;" another that took hold of him as an ideal thing in color was "The Old *Téméraire* Tugged to her Last Berth to be Broken Up," which has, he says, "the most beautiful piece of blue in the sky at the left-hand corner that I ever saw on canvas—I don't care whose." Mr. RUSKIN, it will be remembered, enumerates this picture as the last one that reflects TURNER's perfect strength, and describes it in language that needs no apology for a repetition here: "If ever anything without a soul deserved honor and affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into battle; that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot, resistless, and without reply; those triple ports, whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England; those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam; those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped; steep in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-cloud of human souls at rest—surely for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts, some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters? Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps where the low gate opens to some cottage garden the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*."

Mr. WYANT's estimate of TURNER has increased with his years: "TURNER is to-day a bigger man to me than he was then by a good deal. He has grown on me; and this chiefly through the engravings after him, which are so much finer than the reproductions of almost any other foreign landscape works (by 'fine' I mean the infinity of the gradations), and through a certain remembrance of his marvellous color. Most charming always, too, is his suggestiveness. The landscape by him owned by Mr. THOMAS MORAN, the artist, I like very much. It is a great deal finer picture than his 'Slave-Ship,' although an early work. You remember the long reach of sand-bank near the middle. My gracious! but that was beautiful. Yet the picture lacked the characteristic complexity of composition of his later landscapes, and this was a loss. The outline of the bank beyond the water was uneasy, not simple. TURNER would have changed it in later life, and with these changes the picture would be perfect. It would be a good purchase for a public gallery."

The other painters in the London National Gallery do not seem to have impressed Mr. WYANT deeply. He went there to study TURNER. He studied him.

VI.

Then to the Lakes of Killarney, the beautiful. "If it wasn't for the seasickness, I'd go there again. I will, I think, overcome my dread sufficiently to see Killarney again. And next time I shall make a more comprehensive and intelligent trip. I am going to the Isle of Skye. Did you ever read the descriptions in ALEXANDER SMITH's *A Summer in Skye?*"

"Have you read WILLIAM BLACK's novels?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, and I like them, too."

WYANT's superb landscape, "The Lakes of Killarney," shone from the easel at which he had been working. It is Mrs. HALL's view of the scene, is thirty by forty-five inches, and is owned by Mr. W. B. BELKNAP, of Louisville, Kentucky.

"What do you think of the Impressionists?" I inquired, looking at the elaborate foreground of the picture.

"The masters of any age," he replied, "have been the men who finished their work, who did no slovenly work, or if they did, destroyed it. Can the masters of to-day expect to reverse the process, and to live by scraps of soiled paper and smudges of canvas? No, they will all die. Not one of them will live. All successful men have worked from affection for their work, have labored over it, and dwelt on it, until it was as good as they could make it. There is nothing more to be said on the subject of Impressionism than that."

"Sometimes you are called somewhat of an Impressionist."

"Well, perhaps I am an Impressionist, and perhaps I am not. There" (pointing to an unfinished canvas) "is a foggy, misty effect, with the sun drying up and dissipating the fog. I am striving now to get the facts as to how those hills will look through this thin, shimmering, fluttering, flying fog; but I don't see my way clear to get it done under six months. That's the difference between trying to paint the impression, and trying to paint the thing. Do you think it would take me six months to make an Impressionist daub?"

After Ireland, home, in 1864, having been absent about a year. Leaving the steamer at the wharf, "I squatted here in New York on a half-sovereign, and no friends." But sovereigns and friends have come in abundance, and ALEXANDER H. WYANT is recognized without question as one of the two or three great landscape painters of America. Mr. PULLMAN, of Chicago, owns one of his interiors of woods; the Park Gallery, Burlington, Vermont, another; Mr. BRYAN SMITH, of Brooklyn, a third. Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, bought an Irish scene, near Killarney, a few months ago. An Adirondack landscape, with shore of lake in foreground, and distant blue mountains, the pearls and grays of which are much admired by artists, was purchased, and is prized, by Mr. HENRY SEDLEY, of New York city. The artist's sympathies are quick, his intellectual powers vigorous; his vision is keen for the "psychical aspect of facts," his touch is learned and light, his deep luminous skies are marvels and mysteries of color. That supreme test of imagination, which when applied to pictures beautiful and even stirring often elicits no response, never fails in the presence of a landscape by WYANT.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. BARLOW TAKES ACTION.

MR. FRANK BARLOW had as cheerful a way of regarding his disappointments in business as Mr. Samuel Signet; neither was he deficient in egotism; but what placed him at a great disadvantage as compared with the jeweller was that he was unable to regard a matter of the affections as a business transaction. He was not of a romantic turn of mind; he had never addressed a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrows, nor indeed ever written a word of poetry in his life. He was, in fact, in most respects of a conventional type; but he was capable of intense emotion. He could not, of course, in this particular compete with persons of the Byronic temperament, but his feelings were more lasting. He had not, like them, the power of transferring his affections from one object to another; when Polly gave him the cold shoulder he could not take up with Jenny. His love, like that of a woman, was personal; and when Amy Thurlow rejected him he felt as forlorn and desolate as a maiden of six-and-thirty who has been jilted.

Even when hope revived within him—as, being but six-and-twenty, it was bound to do—it was still directed to the same goal. Dinnerless and supperless, he had gone over by his solitary fire all that Amy had said, and again, sleepless on his couch, he had revised all the circumstances of his position. That Matthew Helston was guilty of stealing Lady Pargiter's diamonds he could not doubt; and Amy had said that she would have no relations—not even those of friendship—with any one who held that opinion. But sooner or later she herself could not fail to be convinced of his guilt, when, of course, this interdict must lose its force. Again she had declared, if her brother-in-law was proved to have committed the crime in question, that she would never consent to ally herself with an honest man. A Quixotic determination which time perhaps might modify, and especially if some other agent could be found to work with it. He could not earn her gratitude by proving Matthew innocent, but he might do so, perhaps, by saving him from the consequences of his crime, and still more by inducing him to make reparation for it.

In Matthew, then, strange to say, Mr. Barlow's hope was placed; and once having a material object in view, he was not a man to lose time in taking action.

The next morning he dispatched a letter to his partner explaining that important private affairs would necessitate for a few days his absence from the office; and having packed his portmanteau, he called a hansom and drove—of all places in the world—to Mr. Signet's establishment in Poulet Street. The jeweller was not at home, having, in fact, just started for Cavendish Grove; but Mr. Brail happened to be in the inner room (as usual with his eyes and ears open), and came out to him at once, on hearing him give his name to the shopman.

"Just come in here a moment, Mr. Barlow," he said, leading the way into the inner apartment. "You are come about the Helston affair, of course?"

Mr. Barlow nodded assent.

"Ah; then you have not seen Mr. Signet, I conclude. He has just gone up your way."

"No, I have not seen him."

"Well, he has taken bad news with him. The whole thing has burst [he said "bust"] up. Sir Charles Pargiter was here last night—as a friend—to warn us that we were only throwing good money after bad in defending Mr. Helston's character."

"Indeed," said Mr. Barlow, coolly; "that was a strange step for Sir Charles to take."

"No doubt; as a lawyer you would necessarily see that. Nevertheless I have no doubt it was all on the square. Helston has been seen in Paris in company with a young woman—an old flame of his."

"Who saw him?"

"One Major Lovell, an old flame of *hers*."

"Which suggests motive for his statement," observed the lawyer.

"It would under ordinary circumstances, of course; but I do not think so in this case. I was here when Sir Charles arrived, and saw the major's letter. It seems to me to express a certain regret that he should be the means of bringing Helston's offense home to him. 'My friendship for you and Lady Pargiter, against whom such infamous insinuations have been directed with regard to this affair,' he says, 'compels me to disclose what I know. Helston is in Paris with Phœbe Mayson, and has been endeavoring to dispose of the diamonds. This is certain, for I have seen her.'"

"Those are his very words, are they?" inquired Mr. Barlow.

"You can see for yourself. I had the opportunity of taking a note of them." And Mr. Brail handed his little memorandum-book to the lawyer for his inspection.

"I don't read anything here about seeing the

young woman in Helston's company," said Mr. Barlow, dryly.

"True; Sir Charles no doubt jumped to that conclusion. It's a flaw, however. And there is still the matter of Lady Pargiter's not having Helston's receipt left unexplained. If they can prove, nevertheless, what is said here, that he is trying to sell the diamonds, our last chance, of course, is over. But I think Mr. Signet is too precipitate in throwing up the sponge. However, he is the master, and has so settled it."

"Is Mr. Signet going to do nothing further, then?"

"Nothing. Of course if things took their proper course I should have been in Paris by this time. But there are wheels within wheels."

"Mr. Signet does not wish to prosecute, I suppose?" observed Mr. Barlow, speaking as indifferently as he could, but growing very red.

Mr. Brail laid his forefinger to his nose. "That's it," he said. "In my opinion we should never let private sentiments interfere with business matters; but that is his affair."

"And is no attempt to be made to recover the diamonds?"

Mr. Brail shrugged his shoulders. "I have no instructions to that effect, though every hour lost diminishes our chances exceedingly. I shall do my best, however, to persuade Mr. Signet to offer a reward for them."

"There can be no harm in that," assented Mr. Barlow. "The fact is I am off to Paris to-day for the very purpose of recovering these diamonds; and if you will help me to get them, and we succeed, the reward shall be yours."

"You mean that we shall go halves?"

"Not at all; I don't want the money. My object, I frankly tell you, is to get this unhappy man to make restitution."

"Very right and very proper, I'm sure," said the detective. "Your feelings do you honor. There's a matter of a thousand pounds, though," he added, dryly, "for neither Lady Pargiter nor Mr. Signet has yet withdrawn the offer for the discovery of Mr. Helston himself."

"That I have nothing to do with," answered the lawyer; "I am not a thief-catcher."

"I mean no offense, Mr. Barlow. I have known many gentlemen who have had a taste that way; though I agree with you it is not to their credit. The amateur has no right to take the bread out of the mouth of the professional. It would be very hard, you would think, if any gent took up your own line, for example, for mere love of it, and gave good law, free, gratis, for nothing, to his fellow-creatures."

"It would be a most unprecedented infringement of etiquette," observed Mr. Barlow, with natural indignation.

"Just so. Well, what can I do for you in this matter, sir?"

"Three things: I want one of those photographs which Mr. Signet has had taken from the portrait of Mr. Helston; I want an accurate drawing of the missing diamonds; and I want Major Lovell's address in Paris. In return for these favors I promise to hand over to you any reward Mr. Signet may be induced to offer for the jewels, if I am so fortunate as to recover them."

"Well, sir, of course it's a little irregular," observed Mr. Brail, hesitatingly, "but in the interests of my employer—and on the understanding you have mentioned—I feel I should do wrong to refuse you. Perhaps you wouldn't object to sign a little memorandum?"

"I will sign nothing," said Mr. Barlow, peremptorily. "I do not wish my name to appear in any transaction respecting Mr. Helston; and I am not accustomed to have my word doubted."

"Pray don't imagine that, my dear sir," said Mr. Brail, with precipitation. "I have every confidence in you, I am sure; and besides," he added, naïvely, "there is no option. I think I know where to lay my hands upon the photograph and the drawing—in fact, here they are—and the major is staying at the Louvre Hotel."

"Thanks. Now is there anything, Mr. Brail, that your experience can suggest as to my method of procedure?"

"Well, in these cases one can draw no ground-plan; one must act according to circumstances. If you were familiar with the appearance of the young lady, who, as I always suspected (though I have not the advantage of her acquaintance), was at the bottom of this matter, then, indeed—"

"I have got her photograph in my pocket," interrupted Mr. Barlow.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Brail, with a genuine note of admiration. His face for once expressed his feelings, and what it said was, "You are by no means the fool I took you for." "Just let me look at it."

Mr. Barlow placed it in his hand.

"I have seen this young lady before," murmured the detective.

"Where? Under what circumstances?"

"Ah, there you puzzle me. I never forget a face, but I see a good many of them, and can not always find the place to suit it. I don't know where I have seen her; but I am afraid it was not in church. Well, if you find her you will find Helston. I wish I was in your shoes," he sighed, looking fondly at the photograph.

"Your gallantry, sir, is very much out of place," observed Mr. Barlow, sternly. The respectable young fellow, who felt himself in a false position in this affair from first to last, was genuinely scandalized.

"Gallantry!" exclaimed Mr. Brail. "Pooh, pooh, sir; you quite mistake me. What I meant was that if it was I who had the business in hand I could make this lady useful. If I can read faces, she is fickle. For a fifty-pound note she would sell the gentleman."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Barlow, at least as much in disgust as in apology. "I have no wish, however, to buy him."

"Very true. But if she would sell the man, how much more would she part with the diamonds—that is, if they are not already disposed of. Mr. Barlow, it may be of importance to you to have some one in London on whom you can rely to take immediate action, if any need for action should arise. This is my professional address, where a telegram will reach me at all hours. I wish I was going with you, or even without you. I should go on my own hook, but that I make it a rule never to take up a case which my employer has thought fit to abandon. Your game will be a little difficult, no doubt; but that only adds to the pleasure of winning it; and even if you lose it, well, you will have had the pleasure of the play. Good-by to you, sir, and good luck."

"Good-by," returned Mr. Barlow, somewhat ruefully.

In spite of the attractions attributed to it by Mr. Brail, he would very gladly have handed over his errand to that gentleman, if only it could have been effected by deputy. Even at the very best—that is, if he should discover Helston and meet him face to face—the prospect was a most unpleasant one. The last time he had met him had been at Helston's table as his guest and friend. It had been his dearest wish to become connected with him by a closer tie. The man had now disgraced himself and all belonging to him, and the best that could be hoped for was that he might be found willing to make reparation. But in any case how embarrassing must be their meeting! As Mr. Brail had hinted, it would also probably be necessary for him to make acquaintance with this disreputable young woman; and even Major Lovell himself was by no means an individual with whom he would voluntarily have held intercourse. If the matter had been a professional one, of course he would have known how to deal with it; but he would be so hampered in his actions by private considerations that he could form no plan of proceeding beforehand. Moreover, though that was a comparatively small thing, Mr. Barlow had received an exceptionally good English education; so that though he could have quoted Horace from the original where Mr. Signet could only have cited *The Hand-book of Quotations*, he knew nothing whatever of the French language. "The Continent" was, therefore, as "dark" to him as that of Africa was to its latest explorer, nor had he a faithful native to guide his steps and interpret his ideas. This, it may be thought, was a small thing to a man who had such important interests at stake, and whose future happiness might depend upon the result of its mission. But such was not the case. One has only to be taken ill, or to have some dear one taken ill, or to receive some summons that requires instant attention, or, in short, to be affected in any serious way, when out of one's own country, to appreciate the infinite inconvenience of that circumstance, and how its small but incessant embarrassments increase one's troubles. And if that happens to those even who are masters of the modern languages (like you and me), how much more must it oppress those ignorant of all tongues but their own!

[to be continued.]

THE PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

The Presbyterian Council, which met in Philadelphia from October 3d to the 10th, has left a clear and decided impression of the intellectual abilities of its members. It was mainly a representation of English-speaking Presbyterianism, for only six delegates from the continent of Europe were enrolled. British Presbyterianism was represented by 71 delegates, and American by 124; in all there were 265 members of the body. On the opening day, the delegates and other ministers of the churches represented met in the Chambers Presbyterian Church, on Broad Street, and marched in a body to the Academy of Music. The procession numbered over 700, and made a fine display. The opening sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, a Moderator was chosen for each day, and the time of each session was occupied with the reading of papers, all of which were marked by great ability. Brief oral discussions followed the essays. The topics chosen were of the first importance, such as the "Inspiration of Scripture," "Revealed Religion in its Relation to Science and Philosophy," "The Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ," "Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism." If any deviation from the accepted standards of the faith of the Reformed churches was looked for in the essays or speeches, the expectation was disappointed. There may have been displayed by delegates a theological liberality consistent with the limitations fixed by their creeds, but of any important departure from those creeds no indication whatever was given. Thus Principal Cairns, of Scotland, maintained, in his essay on "Vicarious Sacrifices," to the fullest extent the views accepted by the evangelical churches.

Much interest was awakened at the time of the holding of the first Council in Edinburgh, three years ago, by the appointment of a committee to collect and collate all the creeds of the churches represented in the Council. The selection of the committee had been preceded by an essay from Dr. Schaff, of New York, in which he pointed out the advantages of "a new Reformed Œcumenical Confession." At the Council just closed the report of the committee was made. It merely presented the creeds of the churches as they are, and contained no recommendation whatever. In the discussion which followed, a few of the speakers expressed a desire for the shortening of the confessions of their churches, but a larger number preferred strong and precise statements, such as have always been characteristic of Presbyterianism. To show the spirit of the Council more clearly, it may be well to give a few sentences from leading speakers. Dr. Van Zandt said, "Creeds do not hinder progress in theology, but they do hinder the wild rushings of immature minds." Dr. Sloane claimed that "creeds have been walls to stem occasional waves of heresy, and that they have a great unifying influence on the Church." Dr. Burns, of Nova Scotia, thought that "no creed was what was really wanted by those who said, 'Shorten the creed.' The Canadian Church believed the creed, took it in its literal meaning, and did not want any shortening." Principal McVicar, of Montreal, said that "the creed of a converted cannibal may well be short, but that of an educated man in this country could hardly be so."

But enough of this. However much restiveness there may be in some of the churches of the Presbyterian faith under the yoke of the old confessions, there can be no doubt of the unwillingness of the delegates in the Council to favor change. It may be surmised that delegates who favored creed revision were silent, finding themselves to be in a minority, but it must be admitted that the avowed conservatives fully represented the intellectual vigor of the body. No impartial observer, whatever his own preferences might be, could draw any other conclusion from the proceedings than this one, that Œcumenical Presbyterianism is still conservative in theology. Indeed, the Council was not a suitable place for the expression of opinions divergent from the Church standards; by the necessity of its existence it must work toward harmony. Minor differences of thinking would naturally be kept out of sight. The Council went no farther than to appoint a committee *to consider the expediency* of trying to harmonize the Reformed creeds.

The idea of a council of the Reformed churches is by no means new. Calvin wrote about it in reply to an invitation of Cranmer to come to London, and there meet with other representatives of the Protestantism of England and the Continent. This would have been a conference of members of the Reformed and Anglican churches. The times were troubled, and although correspondence between the Continental and the English reformers was kept up, a meeting such as was desired never took place. Meanwhile Protestantism has divided and subdivided; national churches have held only the most formal intercourse with each other. Since the meeting of the first Pan-Anglican Synod in London the impulse to bring together the representatives of churches of the same confession has grown in strength. At the meeting of the Assembly of the reunited Presbyterian churches in this country in 1870, Dr. McCosh broached the idea of an alliance of all Presbyterians. The thought was cordially received, and has been embodied in two sessions of the Alliance. The Methodists are following these examples, and hold their first Œcumenical Assembly in London next year. The adherents of the Reformed creeds are roughly estimated at 30,000,000, the Anglicans at 17,000,000, the Methodists at 15,000,000; the magnitude of the unifying tendency can therefore be readily estimated. Whether these three great families of Protestants and the Lutherans and the Independents will ever meet, as churches, on common ground, is a question which must be left to the future to determine.

Practically the Council has no authority over the churches. The constitution carefully states that "no interference will be attempted with the existing creed or constitution of any Church in the Alliance, or with its internal order or external relations." But it will naturally tend to create a good understanding between the churches, especially in foreign mission fields. It will develop the consciousness of power, and indirectly develop the vigor of Protestantism. Protestantism never can make the imposing show of strength which Rome attains by means of a General Council, but it *can* relieve itself of the appearance of discord and distraction. George R. Crooks.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The report of the superintendent of the Sea-side Home for Sick Children, on Coney Island, gives many interesting items. The Home was kept open thirteen weeks, and during that time 3877 mothers and children were taken there. The plan was to receive children whose parents were too poor to provide proper treatment for them, to keep them one week, giving them suitable diet, sea-side air, and bathing. Hundreds of little children came very sick, and returned almost wholly recovered. The average age of the children was under five years, and the total expense for the season was only about $1 25 for each inmate—a small sum to make a mother's heart glad in seeing the bloom of health come over the sick little face.

More applications were received than could be accommodated; and it is the intention of the society, if money enough can be contributed, to have a larger and more permanent building another season.

Weather of very unusual severity is reported in Australia. Heavy snows fell in July, in some places two feet deep, causing great destruction to the flocks.

The London *Telegraph* gives an account of the first interment under the Amendment Act of the English Burial Laws. A Baptist was buried by his own minister in the parish church-yard of Beckenham without the rites used by the Established Church. Though quite a crowd had assembled, the exercises were conducted in a "Christian and orderly manner." The occasion, simple and unpretentious as it was, becomes almost a historical one. Hereafter in every part of England such burials will become common in parochial burial-places.

Four young women have entered the Freshman Class of Colby University, in Maine—three in the regular course and one in a special course. This makes the total number of female students ten in the regular course and two in special courses.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the prevalence of malarial fever in localities in Western Massachusetts which hitherto have been regarded as exceptionally healthy. The Boston *Post* says: "The theory is held by a portion of the medical profession in Springfield, and doubtless elsewhere, that the malaria is due to a germ originating in decaying vegetation. This seems very reasonable, as well as the theory that these germs are carried from their source to perfectly healthy localities." In some places in New England this malaria is spreading like an epidemic.

The amount of refuse matter washed on the shore of Governor's Island during the month of September is thus described, according to official report: "Thirteen dogs, nine cats, nine pieces of meat, seven rats, seven bed-sacks, five chickens, three pillows, and one sheep." It is stated that this amount is less than in previous months, which ought to be a matter of congratulation. Perhaps Coney Island gained what Governor's Island lost.

The Society of American Taxidermists, recently organized in Rochester, New York, is stated to be the first of the kind ever established. Its object is to combine the skill and knowledge of taxidermists in the development of their art, and to raise it to a level with the kindred arts of painting and sculpture.

A new astronomical observatory is to be erected at Rochester, New York, with arrangements and facilities specially designed for discoveries. The telescope which is to be placed in its dome will be twenty-two feet in length, the third largest in size of any in this country. The observatory is to be named after Mr. H. H. Warner, who has given largely to its endowment.

A testimonial to Mrs. Hayes has been arranged in recognition of her services to the temperance cause in banishing intoxicating liquors from the White House table. Commissioners for the collection of subscriptions have been appointed in the different States, and it is proposed to place a full-length portrait of Mrs. Hayes in the White House, and to establish a fund, known as the Hayes Fund, for the circulation of total abstinence literature.

Although the building of iron steam vessels in this country is of comparatively recent date, the superiority of iron over wooden vessels seems to be established. A company composed of well-known capitalists and business men has lately been formed for the purpose of building stanch, swift, fire-proof boats of suitable capacity for freight and passenger traffic on Hudson River, New York Bay, Long Island Sound, and other waters. The intention is to have a fleet of about thirty safe excursion steamers. Eight or nine are to be built immediately, so that they may be ready for use next summer. The increase of excursion travel has been very rapid within the past few years, and there is every prospect that it will continue to increase; and it is believed that iron steamers will insure exemption from such terrible steamboat disasters as the past year has witnessed.

Never within the recollection of "the oldest inhabitant" has there been such a dry season as the present. From all sections the complaint of serious drought is heard. Rivers which usually at this season of the year are full to overflowing can now be crossed in many places by stepping from stone to stone. Reservoirs are empty, wells are dry, and great anxiety is felt lest the water supply in various places will utterly fail. Yet every day, as we write, people look hopefully to the sky, and long to see the gathering clouds.

The famous Stevens Battery was lately sold at auction for the remarkably low sum of $55,000. This ponderous war vessel may yet be sold to some foreign power which may chance to want it, but it is stated that the present purchaser can realize a handsome profit on his investment by selling it for old iron.

According to the recently issued number of Behm and Wagner's *Bevölkerung der Erde*, the present population of the earth is 1,456,000,000, an increase of about 17,000,000 within the last two years. Much of this addition, however, may be referred, no doubt, to the result of new and more accurate statistics. Behm and Wagner have made no use of any of the data of the last census taken in the United States, preferring to await the official statistics, but they estimate that the census should give a result of about 47,000,000.

The Crown Prince of Austria is to receive on his marriage from the aristocracy of Vienna a present of a magnificent album, each leaf of which will contain drawings and water-color copies of the most celebrated and best-known paintings.

Sixteen young women recently graduated at the Training School for Nurses, established in connection with the Department of Public Charities and Correction. This makes nearly eighty who have gone from the school as professional nurses since its foundation, and all have met with great success in their work.

A new affliction has come upon the housekeepers of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Potato-bugs, which have, indeed, long been a serious annoyance to farmers, but have hitherto kept mostly out-of-doors, are now so numerous that they swarm into the houses.

The Menominee Indians are located on a reservation in Northwestern Wisconsin. Just now they are anxious to sell some five or six hundred thousand dollars' worth of pine timber, the possession of which is constantly causing contention with their white neighbors, and they have applied to Congress for permission to do so. Many of these Indians would be glad to become citizens of the United States.

Reports have come from Battle Mountain, in the Eagle River district, thirty miles northwest of Leadville, Colorado, to the effect that rich discoveries of silver have been made there. Miners and capitalists are on the way thither, and a railroad is being pushed forward to that locality. But this, like many other heralded discoveries of the kind, will very likely prove a mere bubble, which will speedily burst.

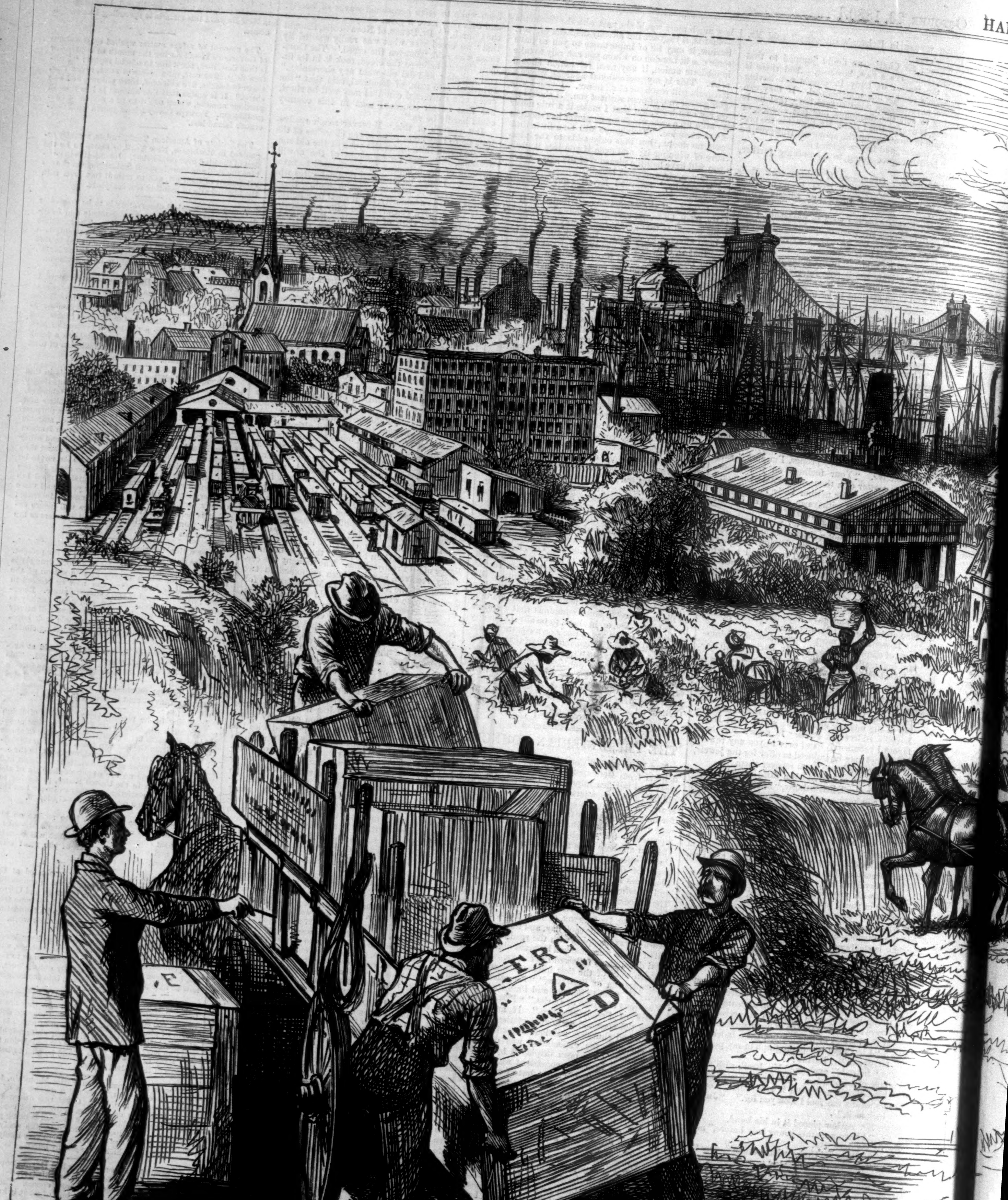
It would have been peculiar had Mayor Cooper been "put out" of a car for not paying his fare, but it is related that he had but a narrow escape. The Mayor dropped a nickel in the fare box of what is known as a "bob-tail" car, but it failed to slide down into the driver's sight. The warning bell was suddenly struck, but Mr. Cooper, of course, sat quietly unconscious. Then the driver opened the door and shouted, "Why don't you pay your fare?"

"I have," replied Mr. Cooper.

"No, you haven't, either," the driver persisted, "and you can pay now or be put out."

"But I tell you I have paid," declared the Mayor, "and I don't propose to pay twice for one ride."

Matters were approaching a climax, when a new-comer deposited a coin in the box, and shoved the Mayor's five-cent piece into sight, thus saving him any farther insult.



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE—THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS …PEROU

S ... PEROUS, AND THE PEOPLE DO NOT WANT A CHANGE.

SHIPWRECKED.

FROM THE GERMAN.

We each of us sailed in a tiny skiff
  Alone through the waves of the world;
With a merry laugh was the rudder set,
  And the snow-white sail unfurled.

Oh, where was the port our bark should make?
  We smiled at the voyage before us,
When a cloudlet flitted across the sun,
  And its shade fell darkly o'er us.

The voice of the sea rose stern and high,
  And our lips grew pale with fear;
In terror we watched the storm birds fly,
  And the dusky night draw near.

The lightning gleamed and the thunder pealed,
  And each tiny skiff was stranded;
But a wave had carried us heart to heart,
  And it was in Eden we landed.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"GOD WOTE THAT WORLDLY JOY IS SONE AGO."

Perfect mistress of her boat, Daphne revelled in the lonely delight of the river. She felt no grief at the loss of Mr. Turchill's company. He had been very kind to her, he had been altogether devoted and unselfish, and the gypsy breakfasts in the old boat-house had been capital fun. But these delights would have palled in time, while the languid pleasures of drifting quietly down the stream, thinking her own thoughts, dreaming her own dreams, could never know satiety. She was so full of thoughts, sweet thoughts, vague fancies, visions of an impossible future, dreams which made up half her life. What did it matter that this airy phantastic castle she had built for herself was no earthly edifice, that she could never live in it, or be any nearer it than she was to-day? To her the thing existed, were it only in dreamland; it was a part of herself and of her life. It was of more consequence to her than the commonplace routine of daily existence—the dressing, and dining, and driving, and visiting.

Had her life been more varied, full of duty, or even diversified by the frivolous activity of pleasure, she could not have thus given herself up to dreaming. But she had few pleasures and no duties. Madoline held her absolved from every care and every trouble on the ground of her youth. She did not like parish work of any kind; she hated the idea of visiting the poor; so Madoline held her excused from that duty, as from all others. Her mind would awaken to the serious side of life when she was older, her sister thought. She seemed now to belong to the flowers and butterflies, and the fair ephemeral things of the garden.

Thus Daphne, ignored by her father, indulged by her sister, enjoyed a freedom which is rarely enjoyed by a girl of eighteen. Her aunt Rhoda looked on and disapproved, and hoped piously that she would come to no harm, and was surprised at Lina's weakness, and thought Daphne's bright little boat a blot upon the landscape when it came gliding down the river below the rectory windows. The parson's rich glebe was conterminous with Sir Vernon Lawford's property, and Daphne hardly knew where her father's fields ended or where the church fields began.

Edgar Turchill, degraded from his post of instructor, still contrived to spend a considerable portion of his life at South Hill. If he was not there for lawn tennis in the afternoon, with the rector's wife for a fourth, he was there in the evening for billiards. He fetched and carried for Madoline, rode over to Warwick to get her a new book, or to Leamington to match a skein of crewel. There was no commission too petty for him, no office too trivial or lowly, so that he might be permitted to spend his time with the sisters.

Daphne thought this devotedness a bad sign, and began to fear that the canker was at his heart, and that he would die for love of Madoline when the fortunate Gerald came home to claim her.

"You poor creature," she said to him one day, "you foolish moth, why flutter round the flame that must destroy you? I declare you are getting worse every day."

"You are wrong," said Edgar; "I believe I am getting cured."

What did Daphne dream about in those languid summer mornings, as her boat moved slowly down the stream in the cool shadow of the willows, with only a gentle dip of the oars now and then to keep her straight? Her thoughts were all of the past, her fancies were all of the future. Her thoughts were of the nameless stranger who went across the Jura last year—one little year ago—almost at this season. Her dreams were of meeting him again. Yet the chances against such a meeting reduced it almost to an impossibility.

"The world is so horribly large," she reflected, sadly, "and I told him such atrocious stories. It will be a just punishment if I never see him any more. Yet how am I to live through my life without ever looking on his face again?"

It had gone so far as this: it seemed to her almost an absolute need of her soul that they two should meet, and know more of each other.

The ardent sensitive nature had been thus deeply impressed by the first bright and picturesque image presented to the girlish fancy. It was something more than love at first sight. It was the awakening of a fresh young mind to the passion of love. She had changed from a child to a woman in the hour when she met the unknown in the forest.

"Who is he? what is he? where shall I find him?" she asked herself. "He is the only man I can ever love. He is the only man I will ever marry. All other men are low and commonplace beside him."

The river was the confidant and companion of all her dreams—the sweet, lonely river, flowing serenely between green pastures where the cattle stood in tranquil idleness, pastern deep in purple clover. She had no other ear in which to whisper her secret. She had tried ever so many times to tell Madoline, and had failed. Lina was so sensible, and would be deeply shocked at such folly. How could she tell Lina, whose wooing had been conducted in the most conventionally correct manner, with everybody's consent and approval, that she had flung her heart under the feet of a nameless stranger, of whom the only one fact she knew was that he was engaged to be married?

So she kept this one foolish secret locked in her own breast. The passion was not deep enough to make her miserable, or to spoil the unsophisticated joys of her life. Perhaps it was rather fancy than passion. It was fed and fostered by all her dreams. But her life was in no wise unhappy because this love lacked more substantial food than dreaming. God had given her that intense delight in nature, that love of His beautiful earth, for which Faustus thanked his Creator. Field, streamlet, wood, and garden were sources of inexhaustible pleasure. She loved animals of all kinds. The gray Jersey cows in the marshy water meadows; the house dogs, and yard dogs, and stable terriers, supposed to be tremendous at rats, yet never causing any perceptible diminution of that prolific race; the big white horses at the farm, with their coarse plebeian tails tied up into tight knots, their manes elaborately plaited, and their harness bedizened with much brazen ornamentation; Madoline's exquisite pair of dark chestnuts, thorough-breds to the tips of their delicate ears; Sir Vernon's massive roadster; Boiler and Crock, the old carriage-horses—Daphne had an affection for them all. They were living things, with soft friendly eyes, more unvaryingly kind than human eyes, and they all seemed to love her. She was more at her ease with them than in the softly lighted, flower-scented drawing-room, where Sir Vernon always seemed to look at her as if he wished her away, and where her aunt worried her about her want of deportment.

With Lina she was always happy. Lina's love and gentleness never varied.

Daphne came home, after a morning wasted on the river, to sit at her sister's feet while she worked, or to lie on the sofa while Lina read to her, glad to get in the thin edge of the educational wedge in the form of an interesting article from one of the quarterlies, or a few pages of good poetry. Daphne was a fervent lover of verse, so that it came within the limits of her comprehension. Her tastes were catholic; she worshipped Shakspeare; she adored Byron and Shelley and Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and the simpler poems of Robert Browning; and she had heard vaguely of verses written by a poet called Swinburne, but this was all she had been permitted to learn of the latest development of the lyric muse. Byron and Tennyson, it is needless to say, were her especial favorites.

"One makes me feel wicked, and the other makes me feel good; but I adore them both," she said.

"I don't see what you find in 'Childe Harold' to make you wicked," argued Madoline, who had the old-fashioned idea, hereditary, of course, that Byron was the poet of the century.

"Oh, I can hardly tell you; but there is a something, a sense of short-coming in the world generally, an idea that life is not worth living; that amidst all that is most beautiful and sacred and solemn and interesting upon earth one might just as well be dead; one would be better off than walking about a world in which virtue was never rightly rewarded, truth and honor and courage of lofty thoughts never fairly understood—where everything is at sixes and sevens, in short. I know I express myself horribly, but the feeling is difficult to explain."

"I think what you mean is that Byron, even at his loftiest and best, wrote like a misanthrope."

"I suppose that's it. Now Tennyson, though his poetry never lifts me to the skies, makes me feel that earth is a good place, and heaven better; that high thoughts and noble deeds bear their fruit somehow and somewhere; that it is better to suffer a good deal, and sacrifice one's dearest desires in the cause of duty and right, than to snatch some brief joys out of life, and perish like the insects that are born and die in a day."

"I am so glad you can enjoy good poetry, dear," said Madoline, delighted at any surcease of frivolity in her young sister.

"Enjoy it! I revel in it; it is my delight. Pray don't suppose that I dislike books, Lina. Only keep away from me grammars, and geographies, and biographies of learned men, and voyages to the north pole—there is a south pole too, isn't there, dear? though nobody ever seems to worry about it—and you may read me as many books as you like."

"How condescending of you, little one!" said Madoline, smiling at the bright young face looking up from the sofa pillow on which Daphne's golden head reclined in luxurious restfulness. "Well, I will read to you with pleasure. It will be a delight to me to help you carry on your education; for though girls learn an immense number of things at school, they don't seem to know much when they come away. We will read together for a couple of hours a day if you like, dear."

"Till Gerald comes home," retorted Daphne. "He will not let you give me two hours of your life every day. He will want you all to himself."

"He can join our studies; he is a great reader."

"Expose my ignorance to a future brother-in-law? Not for worlds!" cried Daphne. "Let us talk about him, Lina. Aren't you delighted to think he is coming home?"

"Yes, I am very glad."

"How do papa and Gerald get on together?"

"Not too well, I am sorry to say. Papa is fonder of Edgar than of Gerald. You know how prejudiced he is about race and high birth. I don't think he has ever quite forgiven Gerald his father's trade."

"But there is Lady Geraldine to fall back upon. Surely she makes amends."

"Hardly, according to papa's ideas. You see the Earldom of Heronville is only a creation of Charles the Second's reign, and his peerages are not always respectable. I believe there were scandals about the first countess. Her portrait by Sir Peter Lely hangs in the refectory at Goring Abbey. She was a very lovely woman, and Lady Geraldine was rather proud of being thought like her."

"Although she was not respectable?" said Daphne. "And was there really a likeness?"

"Yes, and a marked one. I can see it even in Gerald, who is the image of his mother—the same dreamy eyes, the same thoughtful mouth. But you will be able to judge for yourself when Gerald comes home, for I have no doubt we shall be going over to the Abbey."

"The Abbey? It is a very old place, I suppose?"

"No; it was built by Mr. Goring."

"Why Abbey? Surely that means an old place that was once inhabited by monks."

"It was Mr. Goring's fancy. He insisted upon calling his house an abbey. It was foolish, of course; but though he was a very good man, I believe he had a slight leaven of obstinacy in his disposition, and when once he made up his mind about anything he was not to be turned from his purpose."

"Perverse old creature! And is the Abbey nice?"

"It is as grand and as beautiful a place as money could make it. There are cloisters copied from those at Muckross, and the dining-room has a Gothic roof, and is called a refectory. The situation is positively lovely—a richly timbered valley, sheltered by green hills."

"And you are to be mistress of this magnificent place. Oh, Lina, what shall I do when you are married, and I am left alone here *tête-à-tête* with papa? How shall I support my life?"

"Dearest, by that time you will have learned to understand your father, and you will be quite at your ease with him."

"I think not. I am afraid he is one of those mysteries which I shall never fathom."

"My love, that is such a foolish notion. Besides, in a year or two my Daphne may have a husband and a house of her own—perhaps a more interesting one than Goring Abbey," added Lina, thinking of Hawksyard, which seemed to her Daphne's natural destination.

June ripened and bloomed and grew daily more beautiful. It was peerless weather, with just such blue skies and sunny noontides as there had been at Fontainebleau last year, but not the baking heat or the breathless atmosphere. Here there were cool winds to lift the rippling hair from Daphne's brow, and cool grass under her feet. She revelled in the summer beauty of the earth; she spent almost all her life out-of-doors, on the river, in the woods, in the garden. If she studied, it was under the spreading boughs of the low Spanish chestnut which made a tent of greenery on the lawn. Sometimes she carried her drawing-book to some point of vantage on a neighboring hill, and sketched the outline of a wide range of landscape, and washed in a sky, and began a tree in the foreground, and left off in disgust. She never finished anything. Her portfolio was full of beginnings, not altogether devoid of talent: mouse-colored cows, deep-red oxen, every kind of tree and rock and old English cottage, or rick-yard, or gray stone village church; but nothing finished, the stamp of an impetuous, impatient temper upon all.

There had been no definite announcement as to Gerald's return. He was in Sweden, seeing wonderful falls and grottoes, which he described in his letters to Madoline, and he was coming back soon, perhaps before the end of July. He had told the Abbey servants to be prepared for him at any time. This indefiniteness kept Madoline's mind in a somewhat perturbed state; yet she had to be outwardly calm, and full of thoughtfulness for her father, who required constant attention. His love for his elder daughter was the one redeeming grace of a selfish nature. It was a selfish love, for he would have willingly let her waste her life in maiden solitude for the sake of keeping her by his side; but it was love, and this was something in a man of so stern and unyielding a temper.

He liked her to be always near him, always within call, his companion abroad, his counsellor at home. He consulted her about all the details of his estate and her own, rarely wrote a business letter without reading it to her. She was wanted in his study continually. When he was tired after a morning's business she read the newspapers to him, or a heavy political paper in *Blackwood*, or one of the quarterlies were he inclined to hear it. She never shirked a duty or considered her own pleasure. She had educated herself to be her father's companion, and counted it a privilege to minister to him.

"Faultless daughter, perfect wife," said Sir Vernon, clasping her hand as she sat beside his sofa. "Goring is a lucky fellow to get such a prize."

"Why should he not have a good wife, papa? He is good himself. Remember what a good son he was."

"To his mother, admirable. I doubt if he and old Goring hit it quite so well. I wish he came of a better stock."

"That is a prejudice of yours, dear father."

"It is a prejudice that I have rarely seen belied by experience. I wish you had chosen Edgar. There is a fine fellow for you, a lineal descendant of that Turchill who was sheriff of Warwickshire in the reign of the Confessor. Shakspeare's mother could trace her descent from the same stock. So you see that Edgar can claim alliance with the greatest poet of all time."

"I should never have thought it," said Madoline, laughingly. "His lineage doesn't show itself in his conversation. I like him very much, you know, papa; indeed, I may say I love him, but it is in a thoroughly sisterly fashion. By-the-bye, papa, don't you think he might make an excellent husband for Daphne?" she faltered, with downcast eyes, as she went on with her crewel-work.

"She would be an uncommonly fortunate girl if she got him," retorted Sir Vernon, with a clouding countenance. "He is too good for her."

"Oh, father! can you speak like that of your own daughter?" remonstrated Lina.

"Is a man to shut his eyes to a girl's character because she happens to bear his name?" asked Sir Vernon, impatiently. "Daphne is a lump of self-indulgent frivolity."

"Indeed you are mistaken," cried Lina; "she is very sweet-tempered and loving."

"Sweet-tempered. Yes; I know the kind of thing: winning words, pretty looks, trivial fascinations; a creature whose movements you watch, fascinated by her variety, as you watch a bird in a cage—graceful, beautiful, false, worthless. I have some experience of the type."

"Father, this is the most cruel prejudice. What can Daphne have ever done to offend you?"

"Done! Is she not her mother's daughter? Don't argue with me about her, Lina. She is here beside my hearth, and I must make the best of her. God grant she may come to no harm! but I am full of fear when I think of her future."

"Then you would be glad if Edgar were to propose for her and she were to accept him?"

"Certainly. It would be the very best thing that could happen to her; I should only feel sorry for him. But I don't think a man who once loved you would ever content himself with Daphne."

"He is very attentive to her."

"Che sara sara!" murmured Sir Vernon, languidly.

It was Midsummer-day, the hottest, brightest day there had been yet, and Daphne had given herself up to unmixed enjoyment of the warmth and light and cloudless blue sky. Sir Vernon and Madoline had a luncheon engagement at a house beyond Stoneleigh, a drive of eleven miles each way, so dinner had been postponed from eight to half past, and Daphne had the livelong day to herself, free to follow her own devices; free even from the company of her devoted slave Edgar, who would have hung upon her like a burr had he been at home, but who was spending a few days in London with his mother, escorting that somewhat homely matron to picture-galleries, garden parties, and theatres, and trying to rub off the rural rust of a twelvemonth by a week's metropolitan friction.

Edgar was away; the light park-phaeton with the chestnuts had driven off at half past eleven, Madoline looking lovely in a Madras muslin gown, and a bonnet made of roses, her father content to loll in the low seat by her side while she managed the somewhat vivacious cobs. Daphne watched the carriage till it vanished at a curve of the narrow wooded drive, and then ran back to the house to plan her own campaign.

"I will have a picnic," she said to herself, "a solitary, selfish, Robinson-Crusoe-like picnic. I will have nobody but Tennyson and Lina's collie to keep me company; Goldie and I will go trespassing, and find a sly secret corner in Charlecote Park where we can eat our luncheon. I believe it is against the law to stray from the miserable foot-path; but who cares for law on Midsummer-day? I shall feel myself almost as brave as Shakspeare when he went poaching, and, thank goodness! there is no Justice Shallow to call me to order."

She ran to her own room for a basket, a picturesque bee-hive basket, the very one she had carried at Fontainebleau—what a foolish impulse it must have been which made her touch the senseless straw with her lips, remembering whose hand had held it!—then to the house-keeper's room to forage for provisions. The wing of a chicken, a thick wedge of pound-cake, a punnet of strawberries, a bottle of lemonade, a couple of milk rolls. Mrs. Spicer would have packed these things neatly in white paper, but Daphne bundled them into the basket anyhow.

"Don't trouble, you dear good soul; they are only for Goldie and me," she said.

"You may just as well have things nice, miss. Theer, you'd have forgot the salt if I wasn't here. And if you're going to take that there collie, you'll want something more substantial."

"Give me a slice of beef for him, then, and a couple more of your delicious rolls," asked Daphne, coaxingly. "My Goldie mustn't be starved. And be quick, like a love, for I'm in an awful hurry."

"Lor', miss, when you've got all the day before you! You'll be fearful lonesome."

"What, with Goldie, and the *Idyls of the King!*" exclaimed Daphne, glancing downward at her little green cloth volume.

"Ah, well, I know when young ladies have got a nice novel to read they never feel lonesome," said Mrs. Spicer, filling every available corner of the basket, with which Daphne stepped off gayly to summon Goldie.

Goldie was a bright yellow collie, intensely vivacious, sharp-nosed, brown-eyed, a dog that knew not what it was to be quiet, a dog you might lose at the other end of the county, confident that he would scamper home across wood

and hill and valley as straight as the crow's flight. He spent half his life tied up in the stable-yard, and the other half rushing about the country with Daphne. He travelled an incalculable number of miles in the course of an ordinary walk, and was given to racing cattle. He worshipped Daphne, and held her in some awe on this cattle question; would leap into the air with mad delight when she was kind to him, or grovel at her feet when she was angry.

"Now, Goldie dear, if you and I are to lunch in Charlecote Park I must take a strap for you," said Daphne, as they started from the stable-yard, Goldie proclaiming his rapture by clamorous barking. "It will never do for you to go racing the Lucy deer, or even the Lucy oxen. We should get into worse trouble than Shakspeare did, for Shakspeare had not such a frigid father as mine. I dare say old John, the glover, was an easy-going, indulgent soul, who mhis son could treat anyhow."

It was only a walk of two miles across the fields to Charlecote, two miles by meadows that are as lovely and as richly timbered as they could have been in Shakspeare's time. Thank God, high farming is not yet the rule in Warwickshire! Hedges grow high and wild; broad oaks spread their kingly branches above the rich rank grass; dock and mallow, foxglove, fern, and dog-rose, thrive and bloom beside every ditch; and many a fair stretch of grass by the roadside—a no man's land of pleasant pasture—offers space for the hawker's van, or the children's noonday sports, or the repose of the tired tramp, lying face downward in a rapture of rest, while the skylark thrills in the distant blue above him, and the rustle of summer leaves soothes his slumber.

It is a lovely country—lovely in its simple, pastoral, English beauty, calm and fitting cradle for a great mind.

After the fields came a lane, a green arcade with a leafy roof, through which the sun-rays crept in quivering lines of light, and then the gate that opened on the foot-path across Charlecote Park. Yonder showed the gray walls of the house, venerable on one side, modern on the other, and the single-arched stone bridge, and the lake, narrowing to a dull sluggish-looking stream that seemed to flow nowhere in particular. The tallest and stoutest of the elms looked too young for Shakspeare's time. Here and there appeared the ruin of a tree, hollow of trunk, gaunt of limb, whose green branches may once have sheltered the deer he stole.

The place was very lonely. There was nobody to interfere with Daphne's pleasure, or even to object to the collie, who crept meekly by her side, held by a strap, and casting longing looks at the distant oxen. She wandered about in the loneliest bits of the park, supremely indifferent to rules and regulations as to where she might go and where she might not, till she finally deposited her basket and sunshade under a stalwart oak, and sat down at the foot thereof, with Goldie still strapped and constrained to virtue. She fastened one end of the strap to the lowest branch of the tree, Goldie standing on end licking her hands all the time.

"Now, dear, you are as comfortable as in your own stable-yard. You can admire the cows and sheep in the distance, standing about so peacefully in the sunshine, as if they had never heard of sun-stroke, but you can't hunt them. And now you shall have your dinner."

It was a very quiet picnic, perhaps even a trifle dull; though at the worst it might be better to picnic alone among the four-footed beasts in Charlecote Park than to assume a forced gayety in a party of stupid people at the conventional banquet of doubtful lobster and tepid Champagne in one of the time-honored haunts of the cockney picnicker. Daphne thought of Midsummer-day in the year that was gone, as she sat eating her chicken and sipping her lemonade, half of which had been lost in the process of uncorking. How gay she had been, how foolishly, unreasonably glad! and now a great deal of the flavor had gone out of life since her seventeenth birthday.

"How happy Lina looks now that the time for her lover's return draws near!" she thought. "She has something to look forward to, some reason for counting the days; while to me time is all alike, one week just the same as another. I am a horribly selfish creature. I ought to feel glad of her gladness; I ought to rejoice in her joy. But Nature made me out of poor stuff; didn't she, Goldie dear?"

She laid her bright head on the collie's tawny coat. The pale gold of her soft flowing hair contrasted, and yet harmonized, with the ruddy hue of the dog, and made a picture fair to look upon. But there was no one wandering in Charlecote Park to paint Daphne's portrait. She was very lucky in not being discovered by a party of eager Americans, spectacled, water-proofed, hyperintelligent, and knowing a great deal more about Shakspeare's biography than the duller remnant of the Anglo-Saxon race still extant on this side the Atlantic.

She ate her strawberries in dreamy thoughtfulness, and fed Goldie to repletion, till he stretched himself luxuriously upon her gown and dreamed of a chase he was too lazy to follow had he been ever so free. Then she shut the empty basket, propped herself up against the rugged old trunk, and opened the *Idyls*. It is a book to be read over again, for ever and ever, just one of those rare books of which the soul knows no weariness, like Shakspeare, or Goethe's "Faust," or "Childe Harold"—a book to be opened hap-hazard anywhere.

But Daphne did not so open the volume. "Elaine" was her poem of poems, and it was "Elaine" she read to-day in that placid shade amidst green pastures and venerable trees, under a cloudless sky. Lancelot was her ideal man, faulty, but more lovable in his faultiness than even the perfect Arthur. Yet what woman would not wish—ay, even the guilty one grovelling at his feet—to be Arthur's wife.

She read slowly, pondering every word, for that fair young Saxon was to her a very real personage—a being whose sorrows gave her absolute pain as she read. Time had been when she could not read Elaine's story without tears, but to-day her eyes were dry, even to the last, when her fancy saw the barge gliding silently down the stream, with the fair dead face looking up to the sky, and the waxen hands meekly folded above the heart that had broken for love of Lancelot.

"I wonder how long his sorrow lasted?" she thought, as she closed the book; and then she clasped her hands above the fair head resting against the rugged bark of the oak, and gave herself up to day-dreams, and let the afternoon wear on as it might, in placid enjoyment of the atmosphere and the landscape.

Charlecote church clock had struck five when she plucked herself out of dream-land with an effort, unstrapped her dog from the tree, took up her empty basket, and started on the journey home. She had ample leisure for her walk. Dinner was not to be until half past eight, and Sir Vernon and his daughter were hardly likely to be back till dinner-time.

It was a stately feast to which they had been bidden—a feast in honor of somebody's coming of age: a Champagne breakfast for the quality, roasted oxen and strong ale for the commonalty, speechifying, military bands—an altogether ponderous entertainment. Sir Vernon had groaned over the inevitable weariness of the affair in advance, and had talked of himself as a martyr to neighborly feeling.

The homeward walk in the quiet afternoon light was delicious. Goldie, released from his strap directly they left Charlecote, ran and leaped like a creature possessed. Oh, how he enjoyed himself with the first herd they came to, scampering after innocent milch-cows, and endangering his life by flying at the foreheads of horned oxen! Daphne let him do as he liked. She wandered out of her way a little to follow the windings of her beloved river. It was between seven and eight when she dispatched Goldie to his stable-yard, and went into the cool shady hall, where two old orange-trees in great green crockery tubs scented the air.

The butler met her on her way to the morning-room.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Daphne, Mr. Goring has arrived, and would like to see you before you dress for dinner. He was so disappointed at finding Miss Lawford away from home, and he would like to have a talk with you."

Daphne looked at the tumbled white gown—it was the same she had worn last year at Fontainebleau—and thought of her tousled hair. "I am so shamefully untidy," she said; "I think I had better dress first, Brooks."

"Oh, don't, Miss Daphne. You look nice enough, I'm sure. And I dare say Mr. Goring is impatient to hear all about Miss Lawford, or he wouldn't have asked so particular to see you."

"Of course not. No; perhaps he won't notice my untidiness. I'll risk it. Yet first impressions— I don't want him to think me an underbred school-girl," muttered Daphne, as she opened the drawing-room door.

The room was large, and full of flowers and objects that broke the view, and all the glow and glory of a summer sunset was shining in at the wide west window.

For a moment or so Daphne could see no one; the room seemed empty of humanity. There was the American squirrel revolving in his big airy cage; there lay Fluff, the Maltese terrier, curled into a silky ball on the sofa; and that seemed all. But as Daphne went timidly toward the window, a figure rose from a low chair, a face turned to meet her.

She lifted her clasped hands to her breast with a startled cry.

"Nero!"

"Poppæa!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

This well-known master of the light and airy music of opéra bouffe died at Paris on the morning of October 5, after twelve hours of acute suffering. His disease was gout of the heart.

M. Offenbach, whose portrait we give on page 677, was born at Cologne on the 21st of June, 1819, of German Jewish parents. He studied music in the Paris Conservatory from 1835 to 1837, and began his profession as a player on the violoncello in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français. His first attempt in composition was made in 1847, when he adapted several of La Fontaine's fables to music, each fable constituting a musical scene, vaudeville, or operetta di camera. They were popular as specimens of light and gay composition. In 1855 Offenbach undertook the directorship of the new theatre "Les Bouffes Parisiens," and it was there that the operas were produced which have made his name celebrated. Within sixteen years he wrote more than thirty of these operas, some of them very short, some quite puerile, and some of them associated with scenes and language characteristic of the low moral tone of the Second Empire, but all sparkling and merry. The best known among them are *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Barbe Bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Perichole*, and *Les Brigands*. During the great Exhibition of 1867, Offenbach is said to have received no less than 240,000 francs for royalty on the representation of his operas. *La Grande Duchesse* drew the largest audiences, partly owing to the attractions of the music, and partly to the manner in which the principal character was portrayed by a celebrated Parisian actress. Offenbach's operas have been favorably received in England and Germany as well as in this country.

Notwithstanding the large gains in the height of his career, Offenbach died comparatively poor. He lost almost the whole of his fortune at the time of his brilliant but unremunerative management of the Gaîté some years ago. The failure of Sardou's drama, *La Haine*, which he had mounted with a magnificence never approached on any stage, alone cost him many hundred thousand francs. His later works, too, have not been financially successful. The copyright of his numerous operas must, however, be worth a great deal. It is stated that just before his last illness he implored M. Carvalho to hasten the production of his *Contes d'Hoffmann*. "I have only one wish now," he said—"to be present at the first performance of my opera." He died with his last wish ungratified.

LAYING OUT BALTIMORE TOWN.

In conformity with an act "for laying out in lots sixty acres of land in and about the place where one John Fleming now lives, on the north side of Patapsco, in Baltimore County," on the 12th January, 1730, the County Commissioners assembled, and with the assistance of Philip Jones, the County Surveyor, laid off the proposed "Baltimore Town." It was but one of many ventures in the way of municipal enterprise which at this period dotted the head of the Chesapeake with imaginary marts of trade, the others, though far more pretentious in their claims to future importance, having lapsed into oblivion before those unforeseen influences which strangely fix the locality of great cities.

John Fleming was a tenant of Mr. Carroll, and a pioneer farmer, and the commissioners, who were for the most part "county justices," and included a major, a colonel, and two doctors among their number, had ridden from their neighboring plantations on a frosty morning, and received the welcome of the farmer and his daughter before proceeding to more serious duties. Indians still lurked around the "settlements," in friendly intercourse with the English and German emigrant, and the County Surveyor was forced to assume the garb of the backwoodsman, as better suited to his rough work than the buckram skirts and bob-wigs of the Old England of George II. As a preliminary ceremony one of the doctors reads the act citing the authority of "the Right Honorable Charles, absolute Lord and Proprietary of the Province of Maryland, and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore," etc., and Philip Jones's assistant awaits his orders. And so the present city of Baltimore was founded one hundred and fifty years ago, when Boston was a century old, and New York sixteen years older. The price paid for the land was forty shillings per acre, in current money of Maryland, or tobacco. From the small quantity of ground originally taken for the town, and from the difficulty of extending it in any direction, as it was surrounded by hills, water-courses, or marshes, it is evident the commissioners did not anticipate either its present commerce or population. The expense of extending streets, of building bridges, and of levelling hills and filling marshes, to which their successors have been subjected, has been an obstacle, scarcely felt in other American cities, against which nothing but the great local advantage for internal and external trade would have enabled the citizens to contend.

Baltimore's one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday presents a pageant illustrative of her progress from the first visit, in 1630, of Captain John Smith to the Patapsco, presenting in succession by living pictures the Indians of the Chesapeake; the pioneer "buckskins;" the Cavaliers of St. Mary's, and their successors of Queen Anne's day; the early settlers of the city before the Revolution; troops of the "Maryland line," so famous for their gallant use of the bayonet at Long Island, White Plains, at the battle of the Cowpens, and Eutaw; the soldiers of 1812, and the sailors who manned the "Baltimore clippers," of world-wide fame for speed and prowess, the noted privateers whose audacity broke the British title to "ruler of the sea," and brought upon their city the vindictive attack which resulted in the repulse of the foe before Fort McHenry, and inspired in Key our national anthem of the "Star-spangled Banner." In subsequent civil triumphs Baltimore boasts of the first railway in our country, and the first use of steam thereon by Peter Cooper, the first use of gas, and the electric telegraph.

Allegorical groups illustrate all these themes, and the Genius of Baltimore, marshalled by the heralds of Maryland, clothed in her armorial bearings, lead a long procession of the trades and industries exhibiting her present prosperity. The genial element of her people is not forgotten in the humor of the jesters and comedians interspersed among more serious presentations. The subsequent proceedings include parades of the military, masonic, and other orders, the beneficial societies, school-children, and societies of all nationalities, etc., etc.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Ella, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart; "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home; but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did, with perfect success.

"I am an independent voter, and I can't support you until I've seen your platform," she said, as he finished proposing. A couple of hours later it dawned upon the young man's mind that she wanted to know the amount of his salary.

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time." He didn't call the next evening.

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the druggist; "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as if he had.

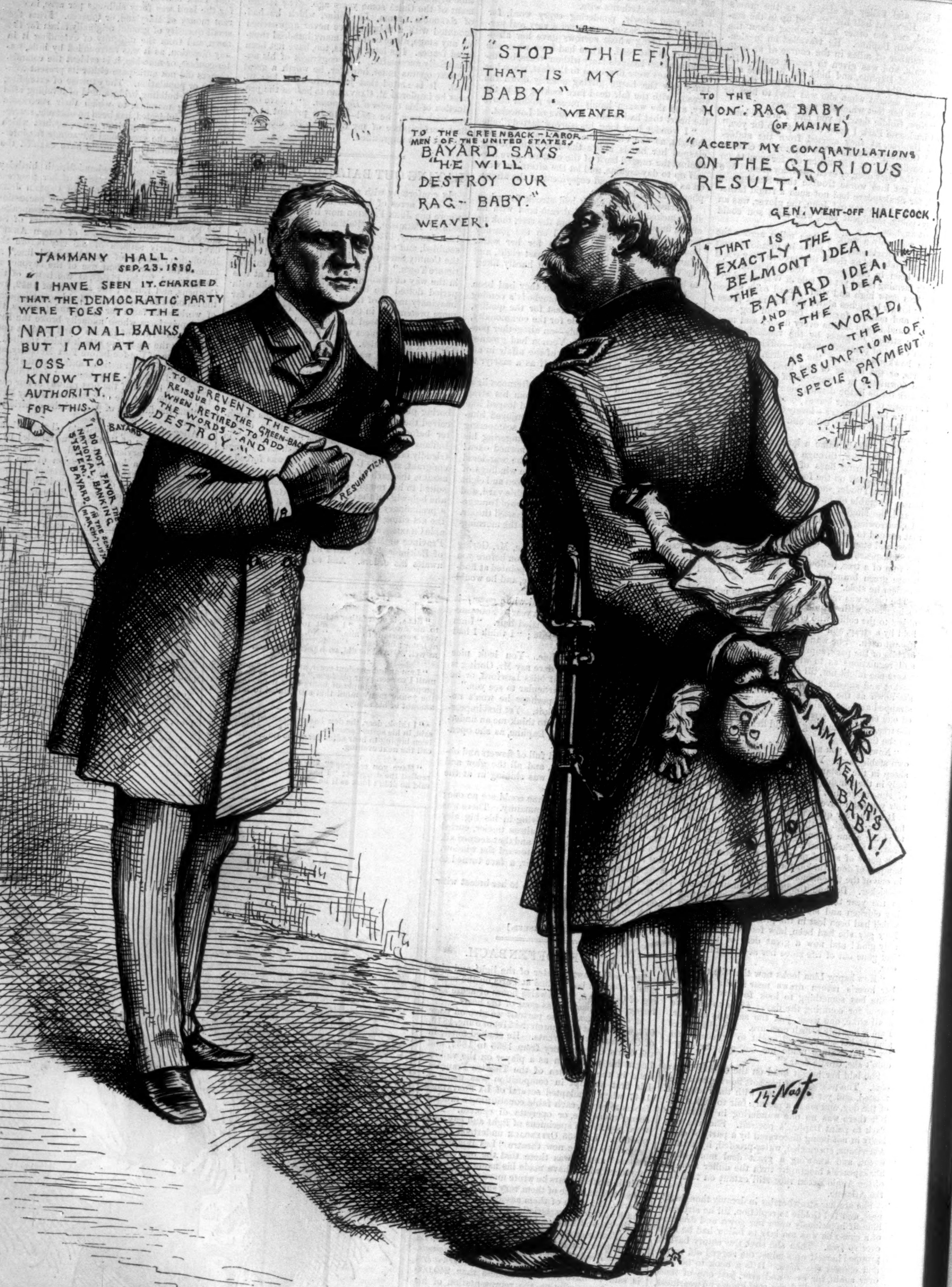
A Rhode Island justice refused to marry a man named Carr to a lady of the same name, on the ground that he was afraid to couple Carrs.

A stranger, passing a church-yard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead. The sexton informed him. "What complaint?" asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man, "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied."

"My lovey-dovey," he said, "I positively can not give you a diamond for an engagement ring." "Why, my own popsy-wopsy?" "Because," he wickedly replied, "everybody will say I'm stony-hearted."

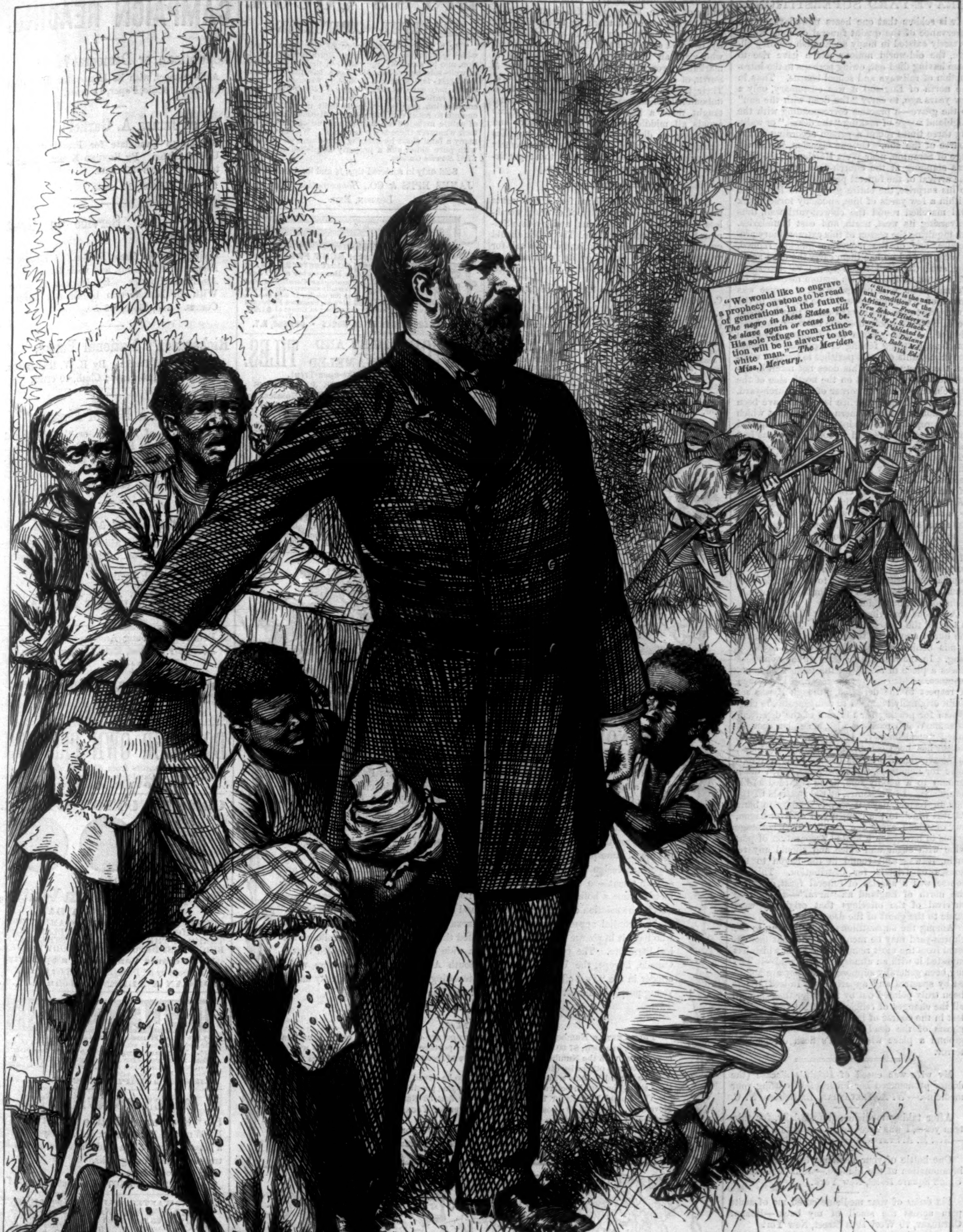
A gentleman who married a widow complained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah, I thought that I was cooking for Mr. Brown," said she; "he liked his rare. But, darling, I will try to forget the poor dear."

I ALLUS VOTES THE STRAIGHT JIMMYCRATIC TICKET.



RESUMPTION—OF WHAT?—*CON-FUSION.*

General Went-off Halfcock. "Resumption is a glorious result."
Senator Bayard. "I was for resumption, and I am now for resumption, and the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President want the same kind of resumption that I do—a real and not a sham resumption."



THE FRIEND OF THE FREEDMEN.

"Now, that we have made them free, we will stand by these black allies! We will stand by them until the sun of liberty shall shine with equal ray upon every man, black or white, throughout the Union!"—General Garfield, August 6, 1880.

GRAVE-YARD SUPERSTITIONS.

It is seldom that one hears nowadays of the observance of the quaint funeral customs which formerly existed in many an English country village, the old-world notions which gave rise to them having died out, owing perhaps to the introduction of railways and school boards. Thus in the north of England it was customary, only a few years ago, to carry "the dead with the sun" to the grave—a practice corresponding with the Highland usage of making "the deazil," or walking three times round a person according to the course of the sun. On one occasion, in the village of Stranton, near West Hartlepool, the vicar was standing at the church-yard gate, awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession, when, much to his surprise, the entire group, who had come within a few yards of him, suddenly turned back and marched round the church-yard wall, thus traversing its west, north, and east boundaries. On inquiring the reason of this extraordinary procedure, one of the mourners quickly replied, "Why, ye wad no hae them carry the dead again the sun; the dead maun ay go wi' the sun." This is not unlike a Welsh custom mentioned by Pennant, who tells us that when a corpse was conveyed to the church-yard from any part of the town great care was always taken that it should be carried the whole distance on the right-hand side of the road. From time immemorial there has been a strong feeling of repugnance among the inhabitants of rural parishes to burial "without the sanctuary." This does not mean in unconsecrated ground, but on the north side of the church, or in a remote corner of the church-yard. The origin of this prejudice is said to have been the notion that the northern part was that which was appropriated to the interment of unbaptized infants, excommunicated persons, or such as had laid violent hands upon themselves. Hence it was popularly known as "the wrong side of the church." In many parishes, therefore, this spot remained unoccupied, while the remaining portion of the church-yard was crowded. White, in his *History of Selborne*, alluding to this superstition, says that as most people wished to be buried on the south side of the church-yard, it became such a mass of mortality that no person could be interred "without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." Great attention has generally been paid, also, to the position of the grave, the popular one being from east to west, while that from north to south has been considered not only dishonorable, but unlucky.

A curious surviving custom at Welsh funerals is termed the "parson's penny." After reading the burial service in the church, the clergyman stands behind a table while a psalm is being sung. In the mean time each of the mourners places a piece of money on the table for his acceptance. This ceremony is regarded as a token of respect to the deceased, although it was no doubt originally intended to compensate the clergyman for praying for the soul of the departed. In some Welsh parishes, also, a similar custom, called "spade-money," is kept up. After the corpse has been committed to its resting-place, the grave-digger presents his spade as a receptacle for donations, these offerings, which often amount to a goodly sum, being regarded as his perquisite. In Yorkshire, at the funerals of the rich in former days, it was customary to hand "burnt wine" to the company in a silver flagon, out of which every one drank. This beverage seems to have been a heated preparation of port wine with sugar and spice, and should any remain, it was sent round in the flagon to the houses of friends for distribution. This, of course, was a species of funeral feast, called in the north of England an "arval"—a lingering survival of the offerings that originally were made to the ghost of the deceased.

Among the superstitions that still cling to the church-yard may be mentioned one that has existed from the most remote period, and which has invested it with an atmosphere of dread—it having been generally supposed that they are haunted by spectres and apparitions. Indeed, it has been truly pointed out by Mr. Tylor that through all the changes of religious thought from first to last in the course of human history, the hovering ghosts of the dead make the midnight burial-ground a place where men's flesh creeps with terror.

My wife was cured of Bright's disease (the doctor pronounced her incurable) by using your medicine.—W. A. Trevathan, Battleboro, N. C.

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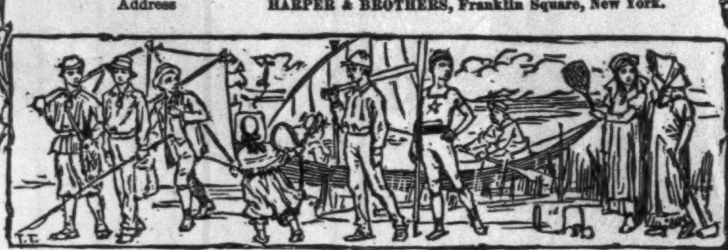

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RESUMPTION.

VOTE ON THE PASSAGE OF THE RESUMPTION ACT.

	For.	Against.
In the Senate, December 22, 1874.		
Republicans	32	1
Democrats	0	12
Liberals	..	1
Totals	32	14
In the House, January 7, 1875.		
Republicans	139	25
Democrats	0	71
Liberals	...	3
Totals	139	99

VOTES FOR THE REPEAL OF THE ACT.

	For.	Against.
In the House, August 5, 1876.		
Republicans	10	56
Democrats	93	27
Liberals	3	3
Totals	106	86
In the House, November 23, 1877.		
Republicans	29	92
Democrats	104	28
Totals	133	120
In the House, February 24, 1879.		
Republicans	4	114
Democrats	106	27
Totals	110	141

THE POLITICAL NEMESIS.

POLICEMAN SAM. "Ha, ha! young man, so I've caught you at it, have I?"

[*"Over and over have I seen the absurd claim that to the Republican Party we owe Resumption."*—Senator BAYARD, *Sept* 24.]

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[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.] Brooklyn, June 1st, 1880.
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